

SIGHS;
OR,
THE DAUGHTER,
A COMEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS:

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT
The Theatre-Royal, Hay-Market.

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN DRAMA OF

KOTZEBUE,

WITH ALTERATIONS,

BY
PRINCE HOARE.

I' ho pien di sospir quell' aer tutto—

Lei, che' l ciel ne mostrò, terra n'asconde,
Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo; ch' ancor viva
Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.

PETRARCO.

FOURTH EDITION.

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1799.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

ON account of the distinguished rank which the name of KOTZEBUE has obtained in the dramatic world, some apology may appear due for considerable deviations from his original work. That, which I shall offer, will not, I presume to hope, be unacceptable to himself.—In adapting this Drama to the English Stage, I have, according to my ability, endeavoured to render it such as he might have approved, if he lived in England, and had studied the genius of *her* people.

TO MR. COLMAN, I cannot too openly acknowledge my obligations, for the ready and judicious assistance, which on the present, as well as former occasions, I have received from him, and which his talents and
knowledge

knowledge so eminently enable him to bestow.

In the representation of the Comedy, the able and friendly exertions of all the performers lay claim to my warmest thanks.

POSTSCRIPT.

August 16, 1799.

IT having been suggested to me by a gentleman, whose services and opinions the public have ever received with approbation, that I ought to mention the particular alterations which have been made from the German in the present drama, I am induced to add, that I have converted FABIAN STOPSEL into the *calculating* TOTUM, and, instead of the merely over rich and insolent PETER PLUM, have exhibited *the peevish and humourfome* VON SNARL. These, I believe, except the change of a Swede to a Polandier, and a greater degree of simplicity, which has been given to the character of LOUISA, are the principal alterations. The Plot remains nearly as it was formed by the Author.

The motive I have before mentioned, will, no doubt, be considered as sufficient to justify the alterations that have been made, but as it is not the only one by which I have been actuated in some points, wherein I differ from my Author in opinion, I shall, with deference to his and other judgments, venture to speak freely on them.

POSTSCRIPT.

Dramatic writers are furnished with better opportunities than any others, of making an immediate appeal to men at large, and the little artifices, which are allowed them, to forward the conduct of their undertakings, give them a more unsuspected access to the heart. If theatrical exhibitions awaken the imagination without corrupting it, and gratify the taste without debasing it; if they offer intellectual refreshment to a mind harrassed with fatigues of the day, and provide for all a festive holiday, abstracted from public animosities and party feuds, they will claim the praise of having fulfilled no inconsiderable duties of their province. But if they enter the limits of moral opinion, it becomes evidently their higher duty not to swell the tide of popular ferment, but to stem, as much as possible, the torrent in which the love of novelty unavoidably hurries the unthinking to destruction.

That wealth is too often accompanied by insolent pride, it would be preposterous to deny; and were mankind at present remarkably credulous in the *virtues* of riches,

—— Quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit fortis, justus, sapiens ——

no lesson might be more useful, than that which would shew the possibility of their being abused,
and

POSTSCRIPT.

and their insufficiency to procure respect, merely by their own force. But such will hardly be asserted to be the case at present. The great concussions, which public opinion of every kind has felt within these late years, have cast to the ground many prejudices, against which satire has, heretofore, been justly levelled; and, amongst others, those which regard the implicit adoration of inordinate wealth. One may fairly suspect, that it would be at present less difficult to find an open and hardy contemner of the wealthy, than a blind admirer of them; and it is of course more requisite, that a moral writer for the stage should hold forth examples of the virtues which *may* be connected with wealth, than the vices which *may* disgrace it.—To take advantage of popular fury is but to head a mob, a pre-eminence which certainly confers no honor on one who appeals to the mind for his wreath of praise.

The instance to which I particularly refer, is the above-mentioned character of Peter Plum, who is represented as overloaded with wealth, and, *in consequence of wealth, merely*, with every quality that disgraces our nature. I have endeavoured to add a ruling trait, of a different kind, under the name of *Von Snarl*.

Should

POSTSCRIPT.

Should these remarks ever fall into the hands of the author of **Armuth und Edelmann**, my respect for him persuades me that he will not be offended by them; or that, should he be so, he will at least pardon the sincerity with which I have declared my sentiments.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. C. KEMBLE.

THE title of our play, at least, is new—
'Tis hard to make the subject novel too.
All scenes of passing life the theme supply,
For where's the heart without its secret sigh?
And, hence, our Bard an arduous task has try'd,
Since judges must abound on ev'ry side.
The scenic Muse has drawn, from age to age,
The fighting race on her impartial page;
And while the motley tribe her thoughts review,
She fights herself in vain for something new.
The Miser, as she shews you o'er and o'er,
Amid exhaustless heaps, will sigh for more;
And, could he drain the springs of fortune dry,
Still, still for more his selfish soul would sigh.
The Lover, drooping in the silent shade,
Is an old dealer in the fighting trade;
But let the nymph in wedlock ease his moan,
He'll sigh again, perchance, to sigh alone;
Or, if with tender cares he still should pine,
His sighs are waisted to another shrine.
The Hero's swelling bosom sighs for fame,
To grant his wish is but to spur his aim:
O'er earth if his victorious banners fly,
For other worlds to conquer still he'll sigh.

The

The Poet sighs to lift his laurel'd head
 Triumphant o'er the living and the dead;
 At last he sighs for wreaths to deck his tomb,
 And flourish round it in eternal bloom.
 The Critic hunts for faults with eager eyes,
 And only o'er an author's beauties sighs;
 While you with lib'ral zeal these beauties praise,
 And sigh if Envy's breath should blast his bays.
 In short, through wise and weak, and great and small,
 The stage has shewn that sighs intrude on all;
 And, let poor mortals gain whate'er they will,
 A sigh for something must possess them still.
 To-night, our author, too, with sighs appears,
 The panting progeny of flutt'ring fears:
 He fears, alas! the weakness of his cause,
 And sighs most anxiously for your applause;
 Yet, should you give it, 'twill but raise new sighs
 For merit to deserve so rich a prize:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,



VON SNARL, *a rich Merchant*,..... Mr. Suett.
 TILMAN TOTUM, *his Book-keeper*, .. Mr. Fawcett,
 ADELBERT, *a Polander, lodging in* } Mr. C. Kemble.
 Von Snarl's House }
 LEOPOLD, *Brother to Von Snarl*,.... Mr. Barrymore.
 NICOLAS, *Servant to Von Snarl*, ... Mr. Chippendale.
 HANS WILLIAM, *a young Dutchman*, } Mr. Palmer.
 a Suitor to Von Snarl's Daughter, }

 JOSEPHINE, *Von Snarl's Daughter*, .. Miss De Camp.
 LOUISA, *supposed Daughter of Mrs.* } Mrs. Gibbs.
 Rose, Housekeeper to Von Snarl,.. }
 MRS. ROSE, *Housekeeper to Von Snarl*, Mrs. Davenport.
 ELLEN, *a Villager*, Mrs. Bland.

SCENE. A Sea-port in Germany.

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SIGHS;

OR,

THE DAUGHTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Parlour: at the back are Doors with glass Pannels, through which is discovered a large Compting-House, where several Clerks are writing.

NICOLAS *laying the breakfast on the table.*

HOW plaguy cross my master is before breakfast! not a good word comes from his mouth till he has put a roll down his throat—*(piles up rolls on a plate.)*—It is no little matter that brings him into temper. He will make as much havoc among these rolls, as a stage-coach would with six infides. Oh, here he comes—now I shall get my trimmings, because I asked for a bit of lace to my coat. “My master opens his eyes
“and his mouth at the same moment in a morning, and, between hunger and ill temper, snaps
“at every thing he sees.”

B

Enter

Enter VON SNARL.

V. Sn. And so you must have lace to your coat! you impertinent puppy! to give me *your* opinions!

Nic. I did not mean any thing, Sir.

V. Sn. And what do you speak for, if you don't mean any thing? hold your tongue at once—that's the shortest way of saying nothing.

Nic. I did not look on it as how you'd be angry.

V. Sn. Who says I am angry?—Rascal, if you did not know the sweetness of my temper, you would not dare to open your lips: always trying to vex me, and spoil my temper! But I *will* be quite happy and easy, I'm determined, in spite of you all. I'll be placid—I'll be serene—I'll be meek—I'll be——(*turns to the table, and speaks in a passion*)---plague on you!--what do you bring me this heap of dry rolls for? Fetch a muffin.

Nic. Yes, Sir, (*aside*) I wish he would begin to eat--nothing cures his ill humour like plenty of rolls and muffins. [*Exit.*]

V. Sn. (*pours out tea*) If a man can lay up an hundred thousand pounds, and not have a right to his own way of thinking at last, there's an end to every thing at once. If I had not the sweetest temper in the world--(*NICOLAS returns with several muffins*)--Where's the muffins?--Puppy! you don't think my liveries handsome enough! D'ye call these muffins? Butter a roll or two. Don't let me see you open your (*begins eating muffins*) mouth again, sirrah.

Nic.

Nic. (aside) I don't dare answer till he has swallowed.

V. Sn. (having swallowed his morsel) Do you starve?

Nic. (observing that he had eat) No—we know better how to follow our master's example. We be main well as to the inside lining. “But—
“lud! Sir—there's our neighbour's servants be as
“fine as so many puppets at the wax-work.”

“*V. Sn.* Yes, and live on the same diet as
“puppets at the wax-work. Go down into the
“kitchen, you rascal, and stop your mouth.”

Nic. What answer be I to give to the Polandish gentleman, that lodges up stairs?

V. Sn. What! now you want to plague me again!

Nic. He have been waiting this half hour to know if you be at leisure.

V. Sn. Well, I cannot hurry my breakfast for him. Zounds! you don't let me swallow my victuals. What is the use of money if one cannot be happy at one's meals? (*NICOLAS going*) What are you (*peevishly*) going away for, before I have done speaking? Probably Mr. Adelbert wants to pay his rent—so, as soon as I've eat this roll, tell him I'm at leisure. Go—and don't open your lips. [*NICOLAS bows and exit.*]

V. Sn. (taking a large piece of muffin) Laced liveries! no, no—solid comfort for me. Oh, here's my lodger.

Enter ADELBERT, in a Polish dress.

Adel. Mr. Von Snarl, I come to wait on you—

V. Sn.

V. Sn. Rent in hand—strict to your word, eh? I'm glad to see it. It's not always the case with gentlemen of small fortune.

Adel. With gentlemen of every fortune:—They profess an obligation, over which wealth has no influence.

V. Sn. Aye! what's that?

Adel. Honour.

V. Sn. I should not like my rent in that coin: Honour makes a good cabinet-medal, but won't pass on 'Change.

Adel. In my country, in Poland, it will—I have seen it too in England, at the call of friendship or humanity, accepted and endorsed for a man's whole estate.

V. Sn. Psha! why d'ye plague me about England? People love to praise every country but the country they live in.

Adel. I am afraid I disturb you.

V. Sn. No, no, sit down; a punctual tenant is never any disturbance. Only that rascal Nicolas has been trying to spoil the sweetness of my temper. Puppy! wants a livery *with a bit of lace* (*imitates NICOLAS*) as if he could eat lace! (*forced laugh*) ha—ha—as if he could eat lace, eh, Mr. Adelbert! Now, you're a sensible man—you prefer the plain dress of your country—you're economical.

Adel. Necessity imposes that duty on me.

V. Sn. Aye, aye, I know you're not so rich as I am. I have been laying up money these twenty years. You'd hardly believe, Mr. Adelbert, how interest upon interest, once set a rolling, gathers like a snowball. And you see (*points to the compting-house*) there they are at it—there's my mill going, eh? look—there it goes.

Adel.

Adel. You are a happy man, Mr. Von Snarl.

V. Sn. Happy! to be sure I am. Why should not we all be happy? Come, now to business.

Adel. (sits down) Well then, I have, Sir, already a debt to you; I come to ask your permission to encrease it.

V. Sn. Eh!

Adel. It is with the utmost reluctance I venture on this freedom;---but you would greatly oblige me by honouring my draft for twenty pounds.

V. Sn. (staring at him) What!

Adel. If from riches you derive happiness, you have assuredly learn'd their real value; that of imparting happiness to others; and I am confident you will not turn your back on one, who entrusts you with his distress.

V. Sn. (turns away from ADELBERT) Thank'ye for the compliment.

Adel. My little revenue is secure, but my remittances are not arrived. If in the mean time—

V. Sn. Well, well, I hope they'll arrive soon.

Adel. Were I not satisfied on that head, I would not—

V. Sn. Shall I pour you out a dish of tea?

Adel. You will indulge me then?

V. Sn. You have seen the papers I suppose—no news—

Adel. (piqued) Mr. Von Snarl, you are a rich man, and accustomed to speculations.

V. Sn. Speculations! well, what of that?

Adel. Did you ever speculate on the face of an honest man?

V. Sn. Did I ever see one? *(sarcastically)*

Adel. It is true I can give little security. This miniature,

miniature, (*drawing a miniature from his bosom*) is the only one I am able to offer. It is set with a few brilliants, of no great value, and I am sorry to part with it. But if you would accept it as a pledge—

V. Sn. A pledge!—why, the devil! d'ye take me for a pawnbroker?

Adel. I beg pardon.

V. Sn. What I give, I give without [pledge, bond, or note.

Adel. Even to a stranger?

V. Sn. Stranger or no stranger, we are bound to assist distress without interest.

Adel. Generous!

V. Sn. D'ye observe?—when we can—but my purse won't bear a loan at present.

Adel. Only twenty pounds.

V. Sn. Twenty pounds! twenty devils. I had yesterday two bankruptcies in my books—one of my ships from Africa lost, with a cargo of 400 blacks on board—besides the parson's widow, Mrs. Rose, and her daughter, whom I maintain, as you know, in the house. I won't say what they cost me, because that's charity—but I know I have a tender heart and a sweet temper, that would be my ruin, if I did not watch my purse at both ends. But come—if I can't lend you my money, I'll give you my advice. Go to Levi, the great Jew, and he'll lend you on the picture nearly its full value.

Adel. To a Jew!

V. Sn. A Jew! well, what of that? I would as soon do business with a Jew as a Christian. He'll deal with you as a man and a friend.

Adel. And not as *you* have done. I beg pardon for the trouble of this visit. (*going*)

V. Sn.

THE DAUGHTER.

7

V. Sn. Hark'ye, Mr. Adelbert, (*ADELBERT returns*) I expect to see my son-in-law every hour, and I shall want a room for him. I don't mean to be uncivil to you, because you have not got twenty pounds.

Adel. I understand you—I shall provide myself with another lodging.

V. Sn. Well, well, as you like for that; I don't mean to turn you out of the house. You'll dine with me before you go away to-day?

Adel. Dine with you! you do me too much honour. (*contemptuously*)

V. Sn. Nay, I insist on it. You *must* take leave of the girls this afternoon.

Adel. That's true. I owe the young ladies every attention. I shall wait on you.

[*Exit ADELBERT.*]

V. Sn. Now that's what I call plaguy dry. Owes the young ladies!—He doesn't owe the young ladies half so much as he owes me. And then he'd borrow!—an insolent rascal!—borrow! Talk to me as he would to a pawn-broker!—If I hadn't the sweetest temper in the world—Nicolas!

Enter NICOLAS.

Ask Totum, if there are letters by the mail to-day, and tell Mrs. Homily to come hither.

Nic. Mrs. Rose, Sir?

V. Sn. Mrs. Rose, firrah! yes, Mrs. Rose.

Nic. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit NICOLAS.*]

V. Sn. May not I call her Mrs. Homily if I choose it? Plague on it, I must not have my jokes now in my own house.

NICOLAS

NICOLAS *returns.*

Nic. Mr. Totum says he will bring you the letters himself, Sir.

V. Sn. In how many hours, minutes, and seconds, has he calculated he shall come?

Nic. He said he wou'd come presently, Sir—
Mrs. Rose is here, Sir. [*Exit NICOLAS.*]

Enter Mrs. ROSE.

V. Sn. Well, Mrs. Homily, whither in such a hurry?

Mrs. R. Oh, lud, Sir! here is every thing wanted at the same instant. In the computing-house they want their coffee--The cook wants rice and currants--the footman wants his breakfast, and Miss Josephine wants honey-water for her hair.

V. Sn. Well, and I want to speak to you. I expect company to dinner.

Mrs. R. Company! No, I hope not.

V. Sn. I have two Burgomasters to dine with me, and--

Mrs. R. Oh, Gemini! I must go to the larder directly. The kitchen is not prepared for two Burgomasters.

V. Sn. (*pettishly*) What's the kitchen to me, provided there be plenty on the table? Next, I suppose I must not have Burgomasters to dine with me?

Mrs. R. Pretty talking! It would be a fine thing, indeed, if one could blow good things on the table, forsooth; as they do in the Rambling Night's Entertainments. That's all sinful witchcraft, and I am sure you cannot expect a clergyman's

man's widow, as I am, to meddle with any such devilish practices.

V. Sn. No; but I expect my housekeeper to provide me a good dinner.

Mrs. R. Well, well—I'll go to the larder, and see what there is for you. Yonder's Mr. Totum with your letters. By the time you have read them, I shall know more about it.

[*Exit Mrs. ROSE.*]

TOTUM, *without.*

Three bales of goods to Von Cormack & Co.—right.

V. Sn. Totum!

Tot. (without) Ready, Mr. Von Snarl—Item, numero four—cargo of Spanish wares—right—post Don Candimorez—right—place four hundred marks to account of Louis Vancaper & Co.—right—call in—

V. Sn. Totum!

Tot. (without) Ready, Mr. Von Snarl—call in bills on Carpo & Co. No time to note.

Enter TOTUM.

Mr. Von Snarl, your very obedient servant.

V. Sn. Well, Totum, is the mail arrived?

Tot. Received letters—read—speak contents, names, signatures—say if right—no time to note—*(gives a parcel of letters to VON SNARL)* Imprimis—a letter bearing royal signet—parcel annexed—*(goes to the door of the counting-house.)* Clever door! convenient—hear clerks with left ear—letters with right—credit time *(places him-*

C

self

self in the mid-way of the door, sometimes watching the clerks within, and sometimes attending to VON SNARL.)

V. Sn. (opening the parcel) How long has the mail been arrived?

Tot. (looking hastily at a clock, which is seen within) Thirteen minutes, nine seconds, and a fraction.

V. Sn. Eh! the deuce! a letter from our Prime Minister! *(reads)* "greeting—whereas it appears from the report of our Secretary for the Naval Department, that you have procured an expeditious delivery of the articles required of you: We, therefore, to testify our good will towards you, fend you the inclosed snuff-box. Your affectionate friend, Richtenstein."

Tot. (advances) Congratulate—this is a day—this is an hour—day fourteen—month April—hour ten in forenoon—fifty-three minutes, seven seconds and a fraction. Ha! *(looks at the box which VON SNARL holds in his hand)* brilliants—I underwrite.

V. Sn. Doubtless—

Tot. Worth, more or less, twelve hundred and ninety-nine dollars, three guldens, eighteen stivers, one groot, and three pfennings.

V. Sn. I'll value it at two thousand dollars.

Tot. Right—secondly, a letter from correspondent at Amsterdam *(gives a second letter, and goes again to his post at the door of the compting-house.)*

V. Sn. Vander Housen! *(opens the letter and reads)* "Sir, this is to inform you, that, under date of seventeenth ultimo, we have sent to your direction a son, viz. Hans William—hope you will safely receive the same, and beg you will consign him forthwith to your daughter."

Tot.

Tot. Not arrived as per advice--hope they book'd him.

V. Sn. (*reads*) "Tho' young folks are of late much fallen in value, we can assure you, said Hans William is of extra good quality, and will, we dare say, give satisfaction. Remain, errors excepted, Sir, your most faithful servant and friend to command, Vander Housen & Co."

Tot. Congratulate--ha, ha! you'll have a wedding--you must give a ball--

V. Sn. I will give a dinner.

Tot. A fire-work in your garden.

V. Sn. With all my heart.

Tot. Your own figure all in a blaze,

V. Sn. Eh!

Tot. Like a flying mercury (*imitates the attitude of a mercury*) with a snuff-box in your hand.

V. Sn. Zounds! d'ye consider what all this will cost?

Tot. Total, seventeen dollars, eight guldens, nine stivers, three pfennings and a fraction--ha! Oh, it will cut a dash! we'll go halves.

V. Sn. Halves! Totum! Why, Totum, you're out of your senses, Totum.

Tot. One expence to serve for two weddings.

V. Sn. Two weddings! who is the other bridegroom? (*Totum draws himself up conceitedly.*) What! yourself?

Tot. Received this morning--hour nine in the forenoon, forty-three minutes, seventeen seconds, a letter--note the contents--poor dear father deceased.

V. Sn. Your father dead!

Tot.

Tot. Died twenty-fifth instant, four in the morning, fifty-nine minutes, and three seconds, aged seventy-eight years, four months, two weeks, five days, fourteen hours, and a quarter---left to Tilman Totum, sole heir, eighty thousand marks.

V. Sn. Totum, take a chair.

Tot. Exclusive, in the hands of Van Creeper & Co. one thousand bales of Panama dowlas---

V. Sn. Dear Totum, pray sit down.

Tot. Six chests of silver plate (*takes a chair*)---twenty-four cargoes of Nankin muslins---

V. Sn. Let me wipe the cushion.

Tot. And one hundred and eight jars of fine Smyrna oils---

V. Sn. Mr. Totum, I insist on you being seated.

Tot. Besides a box of uncounted livres, stivers, groots, pfennings, guilders, schellings, florins, dollars, ducats, doubloons, milreas, sequins, and duros, all brand new, never been yet in circulation.

V. Sn. Dearest Mr. Totum, do me the favour to sit down. (*They both sit.*)

Tot. Father deceased---enter on trade---engage capital---ensure on my own risk---build warehouse---settle correspondence---marry.

V. Sn. And who's the bride?

Tot. Louisa Rose---a good girl.

V. Sn. Good! why, you're mad---she has not a farthing.

Tot. A pretty face---

V. Sn. What interest will that bring?

Tot. A pair of white hands---

V. Sn. Which can earn nothing.

Tot. Hm! a pretty little foot---

V. Sn. Poh, poh---why, Totum, you're bewitch'd.

Tot.

Tot. Totum, you're bewitch'd—right. The devil draws on my heart—must accept—flesh weak—temptation strong—pretty girl, an enchanting angel—solitary batchelor, a poor devil—so, if you have no objection—

V. Sn. None in the world, dear Totum. (*aside*) I shall get rid of a boarder, whom I took into my house to please my daughter. But have you spoke to the girl?

Tot. Occasionally—time suiting.

V. Sn. How does she seem to like you?

Tot. Little rogue! loves me—secretly.

V. Sn. Secretly!

Tot. Prove it—pro primo—whenever she sees me, laughs—shews she's pleased: Pro secundo, when she hears me coming, runs away—shews she is bashful: Pro tertio, when I speak to her, answers at random—shews her mind is so engaged, she does not know what she says: Pro quarto, always jokes about my wig.

V. Sn. That shews plainly she is in love.

Tot. Only one little article makes me uneasy. That Polander up stairs—I perceive certain looks—here, there—from, to—seem to mean something.

V. Sn. I can make you easy on that head, for he shall not stay in my house. Between you and me, Mr. Totum, I suspect the Pole to be a spy.

Tot. Hm! why not?

V. Sn. I see he is very poor—and who can tell? It would not be amiss if you could take an opportunity, when he is gone out, of just—eh? in his room, eh?

Tot. Examine his papers, boxes, and so forth—I understand you—Just what I wish'd—Shall find if there is any thing going on between him

him and Louisa—I'll be on the watch.—At what hour do we dine to-day? Answer—three o'clock—Burgomasters never wait—Your humble servant to command, Tilman Totum—sole heir to eighty thousand marks, six chests of silver plate, one hundred and eight jars of Smyrna oil, &c. &c. &c.

[Exit TOTUM.]

V. Sn. This will be a rare riddance for me—Where is that giddy baggage my daughter all this while? Oh, here she comes with Louisa. Come hither, Josephine,

Enter JOSEPHINE and LOUISA.

I have something to tell you—can you guess what it is?

Jos. No, but I am dying with curiosity to know it.

V. Sn. Ah, you're a woman,

Jos. Yes, unfortunately.

V. Sn. And you, (*to LOUISA*) I suppose, are dying too—you are a woman, too, eh, Louisa?

Lou. Yes, Sir.

V. Sn. Well, there's a grand dinner to-day, and the grand dinner has its grand reasons.

Jos. Must we put on our best gowns?

V. Sn. If you like.

Jos. That is according as the reasons are worth them.

V. Sn. Suppose it's a bridegroom—

Jos. (*laughs*) Oh, la! have you *ordered* one for me, papa?

V. Sn. Suppose I have—

Jos. What! from China?

V. Sn. Psha! he comes from one of the first houses in Amsterdam.

Jos.

Jos. (*with affected gravity*) Does he cost much?

V. Sn. Your hand.

Jos. That's very dear.

V. Sn. And your heart into the bargain.

Jos. That's too much.

V. Sn. It's little enough for a good husband, so don't plague me with any more questions.

Jos. Yes, there's one more I must ask. What is his name?

V. Sn. Hans William.

Jos. Oh---then I won't have him.

V. Sn. Why so?

Jos. I have no objection to William,---but Hans---positively Hans must not come near me.

V. Sn. There, there! that's the way---no matter how deserving a man be---if his name do not happen to strike your fancy, he is to be laugh'd at. Take pattern by Louisa---she is a good girl, and knows how to behave herself.

Loui. Josephine is only joking, Sir.

V. Sn. Joking! zounds! every body is to make jokes but myself. I have found a husband too for Louisa.

Jos. From Holland too?

V. Sn. No---home manufacture.

Jos. And his name not Hans?

V. Sn. Hold your tongue, and think of making up your wedding suit.

Jos. Oh---there will be time enough for that.

V. Sn. Suppose your bridegroom should come to day?

Jos. Suppose some accidents should happen to-morrow?

V. Sn. What accidents, pray?

Jos. Suppose he should not like me, and suppose

pose we should quarrel, and suppose I should scratch his eyes out before the wedding?

V. Sn. Why, then you'll have the comfort of marrying a blind man; for, to tell you plainly, the affair is concluded, and if you don't take him, and like him too when he is come, never expect to have a farthing of my money; and another time you may provide for yourself. (*angrily.*) If I had not the sweetest temper in the world, these silly girls would contrive to put me in a passion. [*Exit VON SNARL.*]

Jos. But, Louisa, we forgot to inquire the name of your husband.

Loui. Oh, Dear! that was not said in earnest.

Jos. It will prove as much in earnest, I fancy, as mine. Do you think I'll let my father send me to Holland, like a ton of flax?

Loui. Ah, Josephine! you are very happy;--- for you have a father---

Jos. Will you change fathers with me?

Loui. No---not for all the world. My father, to be sure, won't see me; and I always thought that very strange: But, in every thing else, he is so good to me, and so kind!--

Jos. But not very wise, I think. He refuses to see you, and does not know that he sees you every hour. Under the name of Mrs. Rose's daughter you have won his affection, in spite of his prejudice and absurdities.

Loui. If I was but sure of that, Josephine!

Jos. I am sure of it--and, what is better, he loves you for your own sake: the parent's vanity has no hand in it.

Loui. Why should he shun me so, Josephine? An't I his child? And, indeed, indeed, I never did

did any thing willingly to offend him. Why should he drive me from his sight, as soon as I was born? I grew up far away from him, and he forbids me now to come to him, that I may take his hand, and press it to my lips.

Jos. To be sure it is droll enough. Father and daughter live in the same house, converse together, correspond together, and yet are strangers, except by letters, which are sometimes a week in travelling from one to the other.

Loui. Yesterday he got my last letter. When I sat down to it, Josephine, my heart was quite full:—and I beg'd so hard to see him; and the words were, all, so blotted, he must have seen that I cried all the while I was writing it. I fancied in the evening he looked more thoughtful than ever. Perhaps he may be brought to give his consent to see me at last. Don't you think he may, Josephine?

Jos. If I were to tell you that I saw him wipe a tear away with his hand—

Loui. Did you, indeed? I wish I had seen it! But it would not have signified. Ah, Josephine! 'tis very hard when a child is not allowed to kiss off a tear from the cheek of her father.

[Enter Mrs. ROSE, with a letter.]

Mrs. R. Well, child, here is a letter for you again—(*LOUISA snatches the letter hastily from her, and presses it to her lips.*)

Jos. Would not one think it was from her sweetheart? Well, I'll leave you to your transports;—when they are over, I shall expect you; and in the mean time I'll settle the colour of our wedding suits.

[Exit JOSEPHINE.]

D

Loui.

Loui. (reads) "My dear and only daughter (*she kisses the letter again*) your last letter has drawn tears from my eyes. Your wish to see me is mine also." Oh! then I shall be so happy! "Yet, as you value my life, do not insist on your request. I have withheld myself eighteen years from your sight---I dare not yet meet it---never again enquire the reason. (*weeps---then after a pause reads.*) You must have occasion for money---yet you ask for none---I therefore inclose you a note---you must want for nothing---all I have is yours---I received it all from your mother---Resemble her! Adieu, my dear dear child! Love your father, who has no other joy in this world than you!"---Then he never will see me! what have I done to deserve this! (*weeps*)

Mrs. R. Dear child, trust to Providence! We must none of us despair---things may change for the better in a moment. Oh! if you had heard my husband's discourse about poverty and want! Poor dear Dr. Olearius!

Loui. Poverty! Oh, that's a word the heart knows nothing about.

Mrs. R. Because the heart knows nothing about hunger and thirst. Want is a very bad companion; and you may thank your father for never letting you know it. See how much the note is for, that he has sent you.

Loui. It's for much more than I want.

Mrs. R. Well, well, if you don't want it to-day, you may to-morrow---but I warrant you'll give it away before to-morrow, to some poor person or other: (*LOUISA appears suddenly thoughtful.*) Well---what will you do with it?

Loui.

Loui. Oh, I must not tell you. What I intend to do would be of no value, if it were told.--
(*Looks at the note*) three hundred crowns! I wish they were three thousand, with all my heart.

Mrs. R. Oh, you extravagant child! three hundred crowns! you won't surely give that sum away!

Loui. No---I'll lay it out at interest---I'll be an usurer.

Mrs. R. An usurer, forsooth! Ah! child, child! you learn to cypher and cast accounts, to be sure; but how many pence there are in a dollar, you'll never learn to reckon as long as you live. [*Exit Mrs. Rose.*]

Loui. That, now, may be very true:--and, somehow or other, I always thought charity much easier than arithmetick. I know Mr. Von Snarl takes a deal of pleasure in counting up his dollars; but, for my part, I think there is more pleasure, by half, in giving money to the distress'd, and letting them count it for me.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in VON SNARL's House.

Enter VON SNARL and LEOPOLD.

V. Sn. **N**AY, brother, it's very strange you won't let me tell you the news.

Leop. I have no relish for news—Few old things of the world are worth much, and the new ones are worth less.

V. Sn. There, now you are out of temper—It's a strange thing a man cannot be always easy and happy as I am. I *will* tell you for all that; Louisa Rose is going to be married.

Leop. Louisa!—to whom?

V. Sn. Guess.

Leop. I cannot rack my brain with conjecture.

V. Sn. To my book-keeper, Tilman Totum.

Leop. (*appears surprized*) I am sorry for it.

V. Sn. His father has just left him eighty thousand marks.

Leop. I am heartily sorry for it.

V. Sn. Why, that's droll. I think it's a devilish neat thing—He means to set up in trade for himself, and he thinks Louisa will make him a very suitable wife.

Leop. Fie, fie!

V. Sn. Brother Leopold, you are a queer fellow:—why should she not?

Leop.

Leop. A girl like an angel, and a fellow like a monkey.

V. Sn. Yes---but the angel is as poor as the devil, and the monkey is as rich as a Jew.

Leop. She may starve with Totum, in spite of his riches.

V. Sn. (*with a sneer*) Nay, how can that happen?

Leop. If the fool does not know that money is not wealth.

V. Sn. Money not wealth?---What nonsense you talk!---Pray what is wealth then?

Leop. The free and liberal use we make of it. Wealth, brother, is like a sword, placed in various hands. Fools are laughed at for their ignorance in using it; knaves, who grasp it, hurt their neighbours with it; wise and benevolent men, alone, know how to guard themselves with it, while they protect the weak, who want their assistance.

V. Sn. Well, if Louisa starves, it shall not be my fault.---I'll set her off well at least---I'll give her a grand wedding dinner.

Leop. I hope you mean to give her a portion likewise.

V. Sn. A portion! d'ye think I am gone out of my senses?

Leop. With all your money!

V. Sn. That *all* would have been little enough by this time, if I were as romantic as you are, brother---If you are so fond of the girl, why don't you give her a portion out of your own fortune?

Leop. It belongs to my daughter.

V. Sn. Ah---if you had taken as good care of your patrimony, and attended to the golden rule of multiplication, as I have done.---

Leop.

Leop. I have attended but to one golden rule through life, brother.

V. Sn. What may that be?

Leop. Humanity.

V. Sn. Lucky, if you had mix'd a little prudence with it; then you wou'd have been always easy and happy, as I am; that is, if you were as sweet temper'd as I am.---But you---had not you happen'd to meet with a wife---

Leop. (*interrupting him*) Let me beseech you, brother, no mention of that subject!

V. Sn. I was only going to say that her fortune help'd you up.

Leop. Oh, Emilia!

V. Sn. Aye, aye, she was a woman of the right fort---She had plenty of jewels and cash. I wish she was alive again.

Leop. For heaven's sake, brother!

V. Sn. I am only saying that if your wife was still alive---

Leop. Nay, then, you compel me to leave you. (*exit hastily*)

V. Sn. There he goes again. Was ever any man so uncivilly treated in his own house as I am! a silly fellow, making such a perpetual whimpering for the loss of one wife!--I have buried three; one after the other, without breaking my heart. That's the difference between Leopold and me---he carries his remembrance of his wife about in his mind, and I carry mine in my pockets. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another Apartment.*

Enter Totum and Mrs. Rose.

Mrs. R. Let me go, Mr. Totum—I have no time for talking—My master has two Burgomasters

ters to dine with him—and, thank heaven! there's plenty for them!—A sirloin of beef, roast fillet of veal, scollop'd oysters, collar'd eel, anchovies, and a furmenty pudding.

Tot. No time for talking! forty-seven words, four articles, and five stops. Listen! do you know, Mrs. Rose,—sweet Mrs. Rose,—that to day is a day—a day—a—I cannot tell you what a day it is—

Mrs. R. Well, and if it be a day, I warrant I can provide for it—

Tot. Brief reply—credit words.

Mrs. R. I always add a dish for every fresh guest, and for every bit of good news.

Tot. Good news—right. Attend, note contents—Imprimis, Mr. Von Snarl has received a snuff-box from the Minister—

Mrs. R. What—the Minister of the Parish?—

Tot. Poh! psha! No, no, Prime Minister—Head-Clerk to the King.

Mrs. R. From his Majesty's Minister! Oh! then I must provide a dish of *Plaice*.

Tot. In secundo, Miss Josephine's bridegroom is on the road.

Mrs. R. The bridegroom! I must have pigeons and a cake.

Tot. And, thirdly—Mrs. Rose—sweet Mrs. Rose—you may take into account a second wedding.

Mrs. R. A second wedding?—

Tot. Yes, note a ditto.

Mrs. R. Oh, then I must order a goose for the second course—mercy on me!—there will be hardly time.

Tot. Dine at three—time in hand five hours twenty-seven minutes—no fear of deficit.—Enter items—provide plaice, pluck pigeons, gut goose,
one

one hour, fifteen minutes—drefs, stew, and roast ditto, two hours, one half quarter, and three seconds.—Balance, two hours, four minutes, twenty-seven seconds, and a fraction—*post credit side*—therefore listen, Mrs. Rose—sweet Mrs. Rose, listen.

Mrs. R. I tell you, Mr. Totum, since there is to be a second wedding—

Tot. The second wedding, Mrs. Rose, depends on you.

Mrs. R. The second course does, Mr. Totum; so I'll give another look into the larder—(*going*)

Tot. Listen, Mrs. Rose—sweet Mrs. Rose, listen—I have placed a large sum in your hands—

Mrs. R. In mine!—

Tot. The sum of my happiness—I must disclose to you the state of my books—my father being deceased—

Mrs. R. Poor man!

Tot. Died fourteenth of last month, at fifty-nine minutes, three seconds, after four in the morning—aged seventy-eight years, four months, two weeks, three days, fourteen hours, twelve minutes and a quarter, ha!—

Mrs. R. Bating the odd hours, minutes, and quarter, just the very age of my late husband, poor dear Dr. Olearius.

Tot. Left Tilman Totum, sole heir, eighty thousand marks.

Mrs. R. Indeed! I am truly happy to hear it—Now I've just thought that we have got in the larder—

Tot. Psha! close the larder, open your ears and listen—I say, Mrs. Rose—sweet Mrs. Rose, listen,—Having now stock in trade, I mean to open an account of matrimony.

Mrs. R. (*bridling and smiling*) Matrimony?

Tot. Yes—open a new firm, raise a new head.

Mrs.

Mrs. R. Was that the subject you wanted to speak on? Oh, Mr. Totum, you do me too much honour.

Tot. I do you no honour at all; I only want you to listen, Mrs. Rose; sweet Mrs. Rose, listen! I fear, above all things, to cast up wrong; that, you know, to a man in business—say no more—hate a blot—therefore, without your consent, reckon *nought*.

Mrs. R. Dear Mr. Totum—to be sure—but you know the world is rather ill-natured: there are some circumstances, that should be taken into consideration.

Tot. Allow deductions—state fairly, what heads?

Mrs. R. First—

Tot. Imprimis—

Mrs. R. Difference of age.

Tot. Repairs payable by the owner; according to best of knowledge and belief, difference not great.

Mrs. R. True, when one has met with hardships, one looks older than one really is. But, dear Mr. Totum, marriage is a serious step; when I lost poor dear Dr. Olearius—Heaven grant him rest!—I made a vow never to marry again.

Tot. Well, well, I don't care for your vow—that is an account balanced—credit by loss—but, sweet Mrs. Rose, my new head is yet a blank—suffer me—

Mrs. R. Ah! dear Mr. Totum, we are poor people, who have many wants to be supplied.

Tot. You allow the demand then?—Note consent?

E

Mrs.

Mrs. R. (with affected satisfaction) Dearest Mr. Totum, you may command me.

Tot. (adjusting himself) Your daughter, I conclude—

Mrs. R. My daughter!

Tot. Yes, Mrs. Totum, that will be—Happy, happy pair!

None but the rich deserve the fair.

Mrs. R. Mistress Totum! Oh! you want to marry my daughter Louisa, do you?

Tot. Whom else, the dickens! d'ye think I want to marry?

Mrs. R. Oh, oh! Aye, aye! Well, that is nothing to me—you must speak to Louisa herself about that.

Tot. Express. But, if I may debit my head with the daughter, and credit by the mother's consent, that will be a pretty clear account.

Mrs. R. A mother! Oh! to be sure—well, I have a deal to say on that subject; but I am in haste now—Well, Mr. Totum, speak to Louisa yourself; you have my consent, if you can gain Louisa's, (*aside*) which I am sure you never will.

Tot. Enough! You endorse the bill—she will answer it—therefore I remain, errors excepted, your obedient, faithful servant, shortly son-in-law, Tilman Totum, sole heir to eighty thousand marks, six chests of silver plate, one box of uncounted livres, stivers, &c. &c. [*Exit TOTUM.*

Mrs. R. Dear heart! What will Mr. Leopold say to this? Well, well, as Heaven pleases: Mr. Totum is a pretty man, and a good man; he never fails at a sermon, and it is quite edifying to hear him chant.

[*Exit Mrs. ROSE.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

An Apartment in VON SNARL'S House.

LOUISA *sitting at her Work*, ELLEN *with a Guitar in her Hand, which she appears to be laying down, as taking leave of LOUISA.*

Loui. Thank ye, Ellen; but did not you tell me, that Mr. Leopold heard you finging one day?

Ellen. Yes, I did so.

Loui. And desired you to sing the song again?

Ellen. Yes; twice.

Loui. Then pray let me hear *that* song before you go. I am sure I shall like it, if he did,

Ellen. 'Tis one of our village ballads.

AIR *.

Written by RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

'Twas in the solemn mid-night hour,
When all was dark around;
When planets strike, and spells have pow'r,
And mandrakes cleave the ground;
I heard a voice as from the tomb,
The bell then beating one;
"Adieu," it cried, "I meet my doom,
"My life's last sand is run.

'Twas William's voice, 'twas William's form,
Wet from his wat'ry grave;
"I sink," he cried, "amid the storm,
"I sleep beneath the wave:"
Starting I rise, and snatch my gown,
And hasten to the shore;
I see the gallant ship go down,—
But see my love no more.

[Exit ELLEN

(After the Air, LOUISA remains pensive.)

Enter

* The Music of this Air, so deservedly admired, was composed by Mrs. BLAND.

Enter JOSEPHINE and ADELBERT.

Jos. Pray walk in, Mr. Adelbert ; there is no one here who will not be glad to see you---is there, Louisa ?

(LOUISA appears embarrassed, and rises from her chair)

Adel. *(to JOSEPHINE)* Your friend's generous heart is ever ready to welcome the unfortunate.

Jos. Make a curtsy, Louisa.---Mr. Adelbert is come to dine with us.

Adel. By your father's invitation.

Jos. That was very well done. You shall sit by one of us. Now, the question is, whether you mean to eat much or little, or to talk much or little ?

Adel. Why so ?

Jos. I'll tell you. If you have a mind to eat very little, and not to speak at all, you shall sit by Louisa.

Adel. I protest, I am at a loss to understand you.

Loui. Dear ! She doesn't know what she means herself.

Jos. But indeed *she does* know what she means. Have not I seen him sit by you for hours together, without opening his lips ?

Loui. Nay, now I'm sure you are mistaken ; Mr. Adelbert has always entertained me exceedingly.

Jos. Oh ! I never doubted that.

Enter TOTUM, more sprucely dressed than before, and Mrs. ROSE.

(JOSEPHINE, LOUISA, and ADELBERT, converse in dumb shew ; TOTUM appears to be whispering to Mrs. ROSE)

Tot. *(in a low voice)* Have you dropt a word for me ?

Mrs.

Mrs. R. Speak to the girl yourself, I tell you, Mr. Totum.

Tot. There's that cursed tall Pole! When he is gone---

Mrs. R. He dines here.

Tot. Dines! choke him.

Mrs. R. Heaven forbid!

Jos. (*advances to Totum*) Mr. Totum! I protest you have put on a new wig to day.

Tot. Yes—I've raised a new head. D'ye like it?—Put it on in haste—spirits in great fluctuation—high, low—up, down—from fifty to seventy.

Loui. Ha, ha!—Why really—

Tot. Don't laugh; a laugh sinks me. This day, Miss Josephine, is the most awful day of my life—I am going to file off bachelor's account, and begin a new head in the ledger of matrimony.

Jos. Then you are going to be married?

Tot. Going to be married—right.—Oh, my Louisa, if I may speak the wishes of my heart!---

Jos. What, have you got a heart?

Tot. Only by debit—wants credit by ditto--- I come to ask Miss Louisa, whether she will run the risk of partnership with me in a new branch of trade?

Jos. Why, Louisa knows nothing of book-keeping.

Jos. I beg you'll not interrupt me, Miss, while I am summing up my articles. Speak, Miss Louisa, without loss of time, may I flatter myself---

Loui. With what, Mr. Totum?

Tot. Transfer—heart and hand—hand and heart---please to accept a barter.

Jos. Why, I really begin to think you want to marry Louisa.

Adel.



Adel. (*aside*) Heavens!

(*JOSEPHINE and LOUISA laugh*)

Tot. What means this pretty smile on my Louisa's cheek?

Jos. Pure joy.

Tot. Pure joy!—right. A laugh—brief—credit words. (*to LOUISA*) Note consent?

Loui. Indeed, Mr. Totum, you are very good; but I am not my own mistress, you know.

Tot. Oh! I have got your mother's consent posted already.

Loui. Yes—but my mother knows, that—

Jos. (*maliciously to ADELBERT*) She is already promised. (*ADELBERT appears alarmed*)

Loui. Indeed, Mr. Totum, I can never be your wife.

Tot. Never! Error in addition. Why?

Jos. Hold, Sir! Girls must never be asked *why*.

Tot. Account stands open. (*looking askance at ADELBERT*) To be sure, I am not the youngest in the room, but neither am I the poorest—I fancy eighty thousand marks.—Oh! here comes Mr. Leopold; he will sum up better for me—

Enter LEOPOLD.

Your servant, Sir; please to check account between these ladies and me.

Leop. What is the matter?

Tot. The matter, Sir, is that—

Jos. Mr. Totum wishes to marry—

Tot. Hush, Miss, do not interrupt me, while I am drawing up my articles. The matter, Sir, is that, whereas—

Jos. What, is it a bankruptcy in the Gazette?

Tot. Whereas, Sir, it has pleased Providence to close my father's account, and to make me
sole

sole heir to eighty thousand marks, I intend instantly, and without loss of time, to open account per matrimony—to take a wife.

Leop. Right.

Jos. His choice is fixed on Louisa.

Leop. Right.

Tot. But Miss Louisa—

Jos. Won't have him.

Tot. Don't interrupt my articles, Miss Josephine. Miss Louisa, Sir, draws balance by refusal—won't strike a barter—but rather chuses to strike me clear out of her books.

Leop. Very right.

Tot. Right! no, I say she is wrong; her mother's consent stands to credit—(*LEOPOLD starts, and is affected*)—Mrs. Rose here—

Mrs. R. To be sure. Fortune leads to comfort.

Leop. (*recollecting himself*) Very true.

Jos. But love, not fortune, should lead to the altar.

Leop. Very true, likewise.

Tot. So we are all in the right then?

Leop. All.

Tot. And I get no wife.

Jos. Take me.

Enter VON SNARL.

V. Sn. Come, come along, girls: come, gentlemen, the dinner is going in. Come, Mr. Totum, you must dine with us to-day. Totum and I are partners to-day in good fortune. Here, girls, I have not shewn you the handsome snuff-box I have received from the Minister. Look at it,

it, brother: Totum says it is worth two thousand dollars. (*Gives the snuff-box to LEOPOLD, who looks at it with indifference.*)

Leop. I wish you joy.

Jos. Dear Uncle, let me look at it. (*LEOPOLD gives the box to JOSEPHINE, by whom it is handed to others, till it comes round again to VON SNARL, who, during the ensuing dialogue, puts it in his pocket without attending to it.*)

V. Sn. Totum! why, how now? You look as sad as if your father was come to life again. What's the matter with you?

Jos. Cannot you guess, Papa?

V. Sn. What, has Louisa refused him? (*TOTUM shrugs his shoulders.*) I supposed as much. Methinks a girl that has nothing but a smooth face to recommend her, and her feet under a strange table, might give herself fewer airs. If I had not the sweetest temper in the world---

Leop. You would on such an occasion remind her of her dependence on you. Fie, brother, for shame!

V. Sn. What, Louisa behaves like a fool, and I am to be ashamed! Mr. Totum, I'd have you know, brother, with eighty thousand marks in his bureau, has only to hold out his hand, and on every finger hangs a bride.

Jos. Aye, such brides, Papa, as deserve hanging.

V. Sn. Well, a good dinner will put a silly girl out of his head. Come along, children; where is my snuff-box?

Leop. I gave it to Josephine.

Jos. And I handed it round to the company:

Loui. And I.

Adel.

Adel. and Tot. And I.

V. Sn. But nobody handed it to me again. (*feels in all his pockets*)

Jos. No matter, now; Mrs. Rose, I see, is grown impatient. The box will be found again, I dare say.

V. Sn. It *must* be found again.

Leop. Well, after dinner. Come, your guests are waiting.

Mrs. R. And the soup will be stone cold.

V. Sn. Soup be d---d! If all the soup in the town should freeze, I won't stir, I tell you. I have never had my box again; here---here are my pockets; *here* is nothing, and *here* is nothing. (*turns out both his pockets*)

Tot. Here are mine, to command. (*turns his pockets out; they contain only a letter, which he opens and reads*)

"Sir, this brings advice that your father departed this life yesterday, the twenty-fifth instant, at four A. M. fifty-nine minutes, three seconds," &c. &c.

V. Sn. (*turns to ADELBERT*) Now, Sir, it's your turn.

Adel. (*appearing disturbed at the proposal*) Sir!

V. Sn. I suppose, you'll consent to what all the company must agree upon---only for form's sake, you know. (*going to him*)

Adel. Stand off! You cannot be in earnest,

V. Sn. Joke or earnest, as you like. Gentlemen do not carry smuggled goods, I suppose, in their pockets.

Adel. (*nettled*) If that is meant as a joke, Sir, it is, without under-rating it, a very clumsy one; but, if you are in earnest, I must inform you, that both my birth and character place me so far beyond

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this

this low suspicion, that I will sooner die than consent to give you the gross proof you require of your absurdity. I utterly despise the meanness of your conduct; and leave you, lest, by persisting in it, you should rouse me to convert the contempt I feel for you, into chastisement. *[Exit.*

V. Sn. The devil!—we must not let him go—
(following him)

Leop. Hold! do you know what it is to charge a gentleman thus, brother?

V. Sn. What do I care for a gentleman, when he hops off with my snuff-box?

Loui. (with warmth) He has not got it—it is impossible—

Leop. (observing LOUISA) Ha! Louisa the defender of Adelbert!

Loui. Mr. Adelbert, I am sure, knows nothing of it. You may see that plain enough in his face.

V. Sn. His face! why, zounds! you don't expect to see the snuff-box in his forehead, do you? What do you say, Totum?

Tot. Set down circumstances—cast up fairly—sum total—the Pole must have the box—

V. Sn. Aye, that he has—but come—let us go to dinner—he is not out of the town.—Plague on him, he has spoilt my stomach for to-day, I shall not be able to touch a morsel for vexation—Come—oh! plague on that Pole!

Leop. We follow you, brother.

[Exeunt V, SNARL, Mrs. ROSE, LEOPOLD, and TOTUM,

Jos. Louisa, what say you to this? Is Mr. Adelbert—

Loui. Guilty of a baseness? Ha!—Oh, Josephine! my heart is ready to burst. (crying)

Jos. Why you seem very much interested about Mr. Adelbert, Louisa?

Loui.

Loui. Who, I?—dear, no!—it's only, because—
because——

Jos. Because you can't bear to see innocence
suspected.

Loui. Yes, that's what I was just going to say
—that's it exactly.

Jos. Oh, nothing else to be sure. (*archly*)

Loui. No, indeed, it was nothing else. Nothing
but—Heigho!—come, Josephine, we must follow
the company. Come. [*Hurries off with JOSEPHINE.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in VON SNARL'S House.

LEOPOLD *holding ADELBERT by the hand, and pulling him forward into the room.*

Leop. **N**AY, nay--yet come in--this is a liberty I do not frequently take. I love the world too little to force myself upon it--but when a wrong is offered to an innocent person, a very hermit may find cause to leave his cell.

Adel. I respect the justice of your sentiments, but I ought never to be seen again in this house.

Leop. My brother has been in the wrong--the box is found--

Adel. Probably.

Leop. The lining of his pocket was unfewed, and the box slip'd thro' it--

Adel. And from such a trifle a man's honour is to be called in question!

Leop. My brother is ashamed of his behaviour--he will beg your pardon.

"Adel. I do not seek to witness the humiliation of another.

"Leop." He has been sharply reproved by all of us--particularly by Louisa--(*observing ADELBERT with attention.*)

Adel. (*expresses surprise--pauses--*) By Louisa!--Let all be forgotten--

Leop. The commission of my visit then is at an end. I could wish to prolong it on my own account.

count. Your manner has interested me—will you answer me, as a man, what I shall ask you?

Adel. As a man!

Leop. Yes, for I would make my enquiry as a man; who, though he shut himself from the bustle of the world, as I do, should never lock up the kindly impulses of his heart towards a fellow creature.

Adel. I will answer you—

Leop. Your resentment of my brother's proposition was natural: but before you avow'd that resentment, I fancied that I remark'd a certain embarrassment in your manner, which appeared to proceed from some other cause than indignation. What was that cause?

Adel. (after a pause) False shame.

Leop. In what could that consist?

Adel. I am poor—very poor—

Leop. Poverty is no dishonour.

Adel. Certainly none to me. To Poland, to my struggling country, I sacrificed my wealth as I would have sacrificed my life, if she had required it.—My country is no more, and we are wanderers on a burthened earth, finding no refuge but in the hearts of the humane and virtuous.

Leop. But you are young, and industry might—

Adel. That has ever been my friend. The little talents, with which the affluence of my parents crown'd my education, have preserved me from the extremes of indigence. The spirit of Poland has supplied the rest. (*With warmth.*)

Leop. Your gains then are probably small?

Adel. When, beneath the gilded roofs of the wealthy, the social banquet gladdens the heart,
I take

I take my solitary walk into the fields, and under heaven's canopy I make my poor repast. Such was my intention to-day, before your brother unexpectedly invited me to his table.

Leop. Go on.

Adel. You know what pass'd. Had I submitted to the search proposed, my scanty meal must have been discovered.

Leop. (*expressing great surprise and emotion*) Young man, we must be better acquainted. Yet that cannot be without more confidence on your part.

Adel. I am a stranger—an unknown exile—

Leop. Who yet chose rather to bear the harsh suspicion which wrong'd you, than submit to that pity, which, however painful to you, would have exulted in your relief.

Adel. Perhaps I acted from prejudice—but let me confess my pride. Had one contemptuous glance fallen on the humble pittance which I bore about me—had any one but smiled—

Leop. Had any one dared to smile, I—I would have resented it.

Adel. You are warm, Sir!

Leop. My heart is so. Young man, since your residence at my brother's, I have marked you, and am persuaded of your worth—and, if you will accept of a small loan from me—it will come from the hand of a friend—do not reject it.

Adel. When I shall be unable to earn even the morsel which I conceal'd to-day, I will come to you.

Leop. Give me your hand. (*They shake hands.*) Another time we will—(*looks round in great agitation.*)

tion.) Yonder comes Louisa—let me see you again. At another time, if the recital be not painful to you, I will request your confidence; and should it open afresh the wounds of your bosom, be persuaded that you will meet a friend, who will strive to heal them—one, practiced in sorrow—one, whose delight it would be to pour out the balm of comfort, and confer a happiness which he cannot hope himself to taste. [Exit.

Enter LOUISA.

Loui. I thought Mr. Leopold had not been gone, and I—oh, dear me! you seem quite flurried—I hope nothing has happened—I hope you have not done any thing, Sir, to offend my—to offend Mr. Leopold, Sir?

Adel. Far from it, I hope—he came just now to confer favours on me, which I must not accept.

Loui. And do you mean to go, then—from—from this house, Sir?—(looks down embarrassed)—Indeed, I am sorry—

Adel. Do you take an interest in my fate, Louisa? Beware of that.

Loui. Beware!—and why so?

Adel. Because poverty, which in general silences the feelings, is not always master over the heart.

Loui. But the poor have hearts like other people:—and when the heart is good, why should poverty silence it?

Adel. The rich only dare to speak its language—A man like Totum dares to offer you his hand, he dares to say—I love you—

Loui.

Loui. And what signifies his saying that? I'm sure I don't mind what he says.

Adel. It signifies something, Louisa---for the rich man is at least received with politeness, the poor one, however worthy in other respects, is rejected with scorn.

Loui. Then they who reject a worthy man, because he is poor, never deserve a rich one, I am certain.

Enter VON SNARL.

V. Sn. Mr. Adelbert, I---I am come to beg your pardon---I have found---

Adel. I beg that not a word may be spoken on the subject.

V. Sn. Why, mayn't I say I found myself in the wrong? Surely, 'tis not for the pleasure of saying it---

Adel. Mr. Leopold has explained all.

V. Sn. Oh, very well---and now I mean to make you amends.

Adel. Amends!

V. Sn. Aye, it goes against a man's stomach, to be sure---but I must make you an apology---Leopold says I must---they all say I must,---It's cursed disagreeable---but I must make you amends---so you see I do it with a good grace. I'm come to tell you, that I am just sending out a ship, and you shall go supercargo.

Adel. Indeed! my gratitude robs me of words to thank you.

Loui. (*alarmed and with emotion*) Will you go, Adelbert?

Adel. To gain an honest livelihood! to be restored to honest industry! Oh! heavens!

V. Sn.

V. Sn. She will sail for Africa next month.

Loui. Oh! what, will you go to Africa!

Adel. (*with surprise*) For Africa!

V. Sn. You shall not be at a farthing's expence. I am determin'd to do the thing handsomely. I'll freight her myself; you shall only have to purchase negroes. (*ADEL. shudders.*) What is the matter with you?

Adel. Humbled tho' I am, in poverty, and in affliction; harrafs'd by daily cares, and wounded by hourly regrets, the bread I earn shall never force a tear from the helpless, nor bring remorse to my repast.

V. Sn. So now I must not make him amends—I'm not to have my own way in any thing. What, then, you despise my offer? go on with your romantic notions: Here's a pretty couple of you!—one does not choose a husband with eighty thousand marks, and the other won't go to sea to make his fortune for life. I wish you had nothing but sentiment and romance to eat for a fortnight, and by that time you, Miss, would take Tilman Totum with eighty thousand marks, and you, Sir, without a pound in your pocket, would be glad to sail to the coast of Guinea—Zounds! if I had not the sweetest temper in the world, I should be kept in a perpetual passion.

[*Exit VON SNARL.*]

[*LOUISA appears agitated, and ADELBERT observes her anxiously.*]

Adel. What agitates you, Louisa?

Loui. You've a kind heart, Mr. Adelbert, for every one but yourself—you won't go, then, to make your fortune? Oh, dear, if you had

G

gone--

gone--Mr. Totum would then have ask'd me again to marry him.

Adel. And would you have accepted him?

Loui. No, never--tho' he were ten times as rich as he is.

(A pause for a few moments.)

Adel. Does my heart deceive me, or do I read your's aright, Louisa?

Loui. What do you mean?

Adel. Were you ever in love, Louisa?

Loui. Lord! that's a strange question--

Adel. And I have, perhaps, no right to ask it.

Loui. Why, tho' you have lived a whole year in this house, we know nothing of you, to be sure, but that you come from Poland, and *that* we should hardly know neither, but from your dress.

Adel. Would you listen with patience to my story, if I should disclose it to you, and you alone?

Loui. With patience!--Ah! I wish you would try.

Adel. Well--during the last struggles of our expiring state, tho' private and important duties detained me at a distance, I embarked my whole fortune on the side of those, who, even against a victorious enemy, wished to defend their native country--you know the result--my situation here speaks it--except a trifling stipend that is still left to me, I have no remaining possession but health, no hope but industry.--Alas! my poor country!

Loui. And can you be happy no where but in Poland, Mr. Adelbert?

Adel. I might yet be happy--I might--I struggle in vain against myself--Reason forgets to speak

speak, and my heart betrays me. (*He kneels to LOUISA.*)

Loui. Oh, dear! you frighten me out of my wits---If any one should come---

Adel. Hope only can raise me from the ground---[*LOUISA hides her face with one hand, and holds out the other to ADELBERT, who seizes it and presses it with rapture to his lips.*] Then I am happy---My banishment, my wrongs, my sufferings, all---all are now a dream. Will you indeed share my poverty? Oh! then we will make it a lot the richest ones shall envy. The dawn shall light me forth to industry, and the dews of evening shall warn me from my work. Love shall season our scanty meal, and the husband, returning from his toil, shall enjoy, in contentment and affection, a kindlier rest than lights upon the downy beds of palaces.

Loui. Oh! but I am not so poor as you imagine---(*ADELBERT starts*) I am not the orphan of a clergyman.

Adel. No!

Loui. I have a father, and a rich one, too.

Adel. Rich! then all my hopes of happiness are crush'd at once.

Loui. No---don't say so: I am sure, when he knows you, he must be so proud of you!

Adel. The *poor* Adelbert dared to lift his eyes to the *poor* Louisa. The *rich* Louisa is lost to him---Honour is my tyrant---I obey, against my will---but I obey. Ah! Louisa!

Enter JOSEPHINE.

Jos. Bravo, children---(*both start*) when lovers are caught---

Adel.

Adel. (*embarrass'd*) Do not imagine that—

Jos. That you are in love?—oh, no—it's impossible—you are a great deal too old for that.

Adel. I should be sorry if you thought that Louisa—

Jos. Was in love? Oh, no, certainly—she is a great deal too young.

Adel. I assure you that—

Jos. That she hates you—Is that the case, Louisa?—You see she has not the heart to deny it—and you, Sir, can you venture to confess?—

Adel. Who can look at Louisa without admiration?

Jos. Nay, that's a very rude speech when there's another woman in the room.

Adel. But to love her is a blissful privilege denied to me.

Jos. And why so, pray?

Adel. Because I am poor.

Lou. And I am rich.

Jos. Oh, you are in the right, (*To ADEL.*) You are a good-natur'd soul, and you know what a plague it is to share a fortune with the person whom we love best, and so would save Louisa that trouble. Well, I grant you a twelvemonth for reflection; Louisa will then be nineteen, and you may by that time resolve to accept her with the incumbrance of her fortune. In the mean time, promise me you will not take any rash step, that may make Louisa unhappy.

Adel. You shall dispose of me. [*Bows and Exit.*]

Jos. Oh, then it's all very well. Make yourself easy, Louisa; the man is young, and we shall manage him. [*Exit LOUISA and Jos.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Hall in VON SNARL'S House.

Enter NICOLAS, laughing.

Ifagg's, we've got a pretty visitor to-day, sure enough. Who d'ye please to speak with, Sir? says I. Any body, says he. And who be I to say, Sir, that you be? Any body, says he, again.—Odzooks, here he is, following me.

Enter HANS WILLIAM, walks across the stage, singing and whistling.

Nic. Be pleased to be seated here awhile, Sir; and I'll go on without *any body*, to see if *any body* is at home. [*Exit NICOLAS, laughing to himself.*]

H. Wil. So, Hans William, here you are.—My father has an odd way of thinking;—I shall be more inclined to follow my own.—Eh! yonder's a nice girl—I wish that may be Josephine.

Enter JOSEPHINE.

—Good morning, young lady.

Jos. It is rather afternoon than morning.

H. Wil. Not where the day breaks so brightly.

Jos. Very gallant truly.—May I take the liberty to ask—

H. Wil. Who I am?—I am a queer fellow.

Jos. Well, but queer fellows have names.

H. Wil. Mine is Timothy Trifle, at your service;—"plain Timothy with the men,—dear "Timothy with the women."

Jos.

Jos. With all of them?

H. Wil. With all who wish to please me."—
And now, what is your name?

Jos. My—my name is Louisa Rose. I am a poor clergyman's orphan, who live in this house. Perhaps you have business with Mr. Von Snarl?

H. Wil. No—but I have with his daughter.

Jos. With his daughter?

H. Wil. They say she has a great fortune; and, about six weeks ago, says my mother, one evening, to me—Dear Timothy, you are a poor fellow, and must make your fortune by marriage.

Jos. Very wisely.

H. Wil. Very motherly, you mean. There's Mr. Von Snarl, says she, your father's old school-fellow, has a most charming daughter—I dare say you must know her.

Jos. Oh, to be sure;—I know Josephine as well as I know myself.

H. Wil. Is she handsome?

Jos. When she consults her looking glass, she thinks so.

H. Wil. Is she like you?

Jos. She is not handsomer than I am.

H. Wil. I like that—she has no need. Has she good sense?

Jos. Not enough to prevent her from talking.

H. Wil. Well, I like that.—Is she kind-hearted, good to the poor?

Jos. Oh, lord! the poor get nothing in this house, if I do not give it them.

H. Wil. I don't like that.—Is she grave or lively?

Jos.

Jos. As wild as a young devil.

H. Wil. Aye! Then she'll just do for me.

Jos. But there's one thing, Mr. Queerfellow, with your—I like that, and I don't like that, that's against you:—Josephine's hand is promised.

H. Wil. To whom?

Jos. To a young man at Amsterdam—one Hans William.

H. Wil. Oh, I know him.—I'll rid her of that booby.

Jos. What sort of a man is he?

H. Wil. He? A stupid, pedantic fellow, with a full-bottom'd wig.

Jos. Oh, lord!

H. Wil. A shrill voice, and bandy legs.

Jos. Oh, lord! I don't like that.

H. Wil. You don't like it? How does it concern you then?

Jos. Oh, it's nothing at all to me, to be sure—only for my friend's sake. (*Aside*) So I had nearly betrayed myself.—Do you wish to see my father, Sir?

H. Wil. Your father!

Jos. My friend's father, I mean. (*Going.*)

H. Wil. Hold, hold, a moment (*looks stedfastly in her face.*) Your name is Louisa Rose. “It may be;—there's not a rose-bed in Christendom, that would refuse to own you; but” deuce take me if I believe you.—Shall I tell you your real name?

Jos. Well, what is it?

H. Wil. Josephine.

Jos. And what makes you suppose so?

H. Wil. I don't *suppose*—I am certain.—You discovered the husband in my features at first sight,

fight, and you thought it your duty to impose upon me instantly.

Jos. You are a devil.

[*Runs off.*]

H. Wil. Bravo, Hans William!—That's just the girl for you. Oh, here comes old Von Snarl, I suppose:—Egad, I'll have nothing to say to him, till I know whether that be Josephine, or not.

Enter VON SNARL.

V. Sn. Your servant, Sir. (*H. WILL. whistles*) Here's a pretty fellow!—My daughter tells me you desire to speak with me.

H. Wil. Oh, that is your daughter, is she?

V. Sn. Why whose should she be?—Next I'm not to be father of my own children. She tells me your name is Trifle.

H. Wil. You recollect the name well enough, I suppose?

V. Sn. Never heard it in my life.

H. Wil. When you were at school, with the old Doctor with a red nose, and used to steal peaches in company with Tom Trifle.

V. Sn. Tom Trifle!—Who is he?

H. Wil. My father, Sir, your poor school-fellow.

V. Sn. Poor! Zounds, Sir, I do not know any thing of him. If you have nothing particular to say to me—

H. Will. I have a letter to you from my father—The deuce! I have left that plaguy letter at the the inn.

V. Sn. There you may leave it then.

H. Wil. I'll run and fetch it in a moment.

V. Sn. You may break your neck by the way, if you chuse. I desire you'll never step your foot over my threshold again.

H. Wil.

H. Wil. Stay, old gentleman—stay till I return with the letter—I'll make you remember Tom Trifle, depend on it. [*Exit H. WIL.*]

V. Sn. Puppy! These young fellows, now-a-days, have no more respect for riches than they have for manners. (*going*)

Enter LEOPOLD, meeting him.

Leop. Brother, lend me the master-key of your house.

V. Sn. What is it for?

Leop. I cannot tell you at present.

V. Sn. Then I cannot lend it you at present.—D've intend to set all my doors wide open to-day?—First comes my daughter, "Pappa, lend me the master-key."—She is hardly gone, when you come, "Brother, lend me the master-key."—Every body wants me to lend them something.

Leop. Surely you don't distrust me?

V. Sn. I don't say that:—I know you won't rob me; but 'tis fair enough to refuse you for all that.

Leop. On what account?

V. Sn. Who has got English patent locks to his doors, eh?

Leop. For that I have a particular reason.

V. Sn. Who sits whole days locked up in his room, eh?

Leop. I wish to be alone.

V. Sn. Who has a mysterious cabinet, in which no mortal has dared to set foot for years together?

Leop. That's my fancy.

V. Sn. Well, and it's my fancy not to lend you the master-key.—I have my particular rea-

H

sons

sons as well as you, only I'm not so unbrotherly minded; but that is no wonder—you have not such a remarkable sweet temper as I have.— There—there's the key; but take notice, if I miss a single bottle of wine, you shall be answerable for it. *[Exit V. SN.]*

Leop. He is in the right;—but I dare not open my heart to him; he would not understand it.— Could I indeed find the bosom of a friend!

Enter LOUISA.

[LEOPOLD turns, and starts at perceiving her.]

Loui. I hope I don't interrupt you, Sir.

Leop. Come in, Louisa; you can never be unwelcome.

Loui. You are so good;—and yet I am afraid you are not happy.

Leop. I was once happy:—that's the proudest boast mortality allows.

Loui. And why can't you be happy again? I am sure all good people, who know you, must wish to make you so.

Leop. Few are the hearts, Louisa, that keenly feel for the distress of others. Those few the miserable cannot seek;—but, when once they find them,——Oh, Heaven!

(lifting up his hands with great emotion.)

Loui. I am an orphan; and it signifies so little what a poor girl, like me, feels for the distress of other people, that I am afraid to tell you how many tears you have cost me.

Leop. Tears for me!

Loui. I am too young, to be sure, to ask you questions about yourself; but, if I had a right—if
I were

I were your relation, now—your daughter,
or—

Leop. Would to Heaven!

Loui. Haven't you a daughter?

Leop. I have.

Loui. Is she about my age?

Leop. Yes,—thereabout.

Loui. And why don't you let her live with you?

Leop. Dear girl, spare me! do not repeat that question.

Loui. Has she offended you?

Leop. Never.

Loui. Then you do not love her; that's a sure thing.

Leop. She is my only happiness on earth!

Loui. Then why have you banish'd the poor soul your presence?

Leop. (*warmly*) Who says so? Those with whom she lives—and must live yet, for a short time,—are excellent people.

Loui. But they are not her parents. She does not find the care of a fond mother.

Leop. Oh, Heaven!—She has no mother!

Loui. That's a great pity—when she does not find a father.

Leop. Cease, girl, cease! (*After a pause.*) Pity my sorrows!

Loui. Indeed I wish to share them. Do let me speak to you. Death has robbed you of a wife, but you have still a daughter left: she would be almost wild with joy, if she could fill her mother's place in your affection. Why will you not call her to you?

Leop. She shall come.

Loui

Loui. And, till she comes, do look on *me* as your daughter;—let *me* dry your tears, and kiss the hand a daughter should kiss.

(Takes his hand and kisses it.)

Leop. Louisa, you have shaken my soul. I cannot account for the power you have over me.—Yes, I will disclose to you the very sanctuary of my grief.—Come to my apartment an hour hence.—It is sacred to sorrow;—sacred, alas! have I kept it;—nor have I suffered the foot of a stranger to profane the threshold. For one hour, adieu, Louisa!—Remember—be punctual.

[Exeunt LOUISA and LEOPOLD on opposite sides.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Apartment in VON SNARL's House.

Enter Mrs. ROSE, NICOLAS, and another Servant.

Nic. WHAT is the matter, Mrs. Rose?

Mrs. R. There is a crowd about them at the inn; they fought with swords, as if flesh and blood were made of wood.

Nic. Well, but who are they?

Mrs. R. Oh, I don't wish to know—somebody said it was our Polish lodger—but heav'n forbid!—a couple of wild wretches—I'm certain they never read my husband's sermon on duelling—the last sermon my poor dear Dr. Olearius ever preached—

Nic. Are they wounded?

Mrs. R. Oh, I dare say they are both killed—they fought together, one like a cannibal, the other like a *bottenp*—

Enter TOTUM,

Tot. Fine doings! five gashes, three side-cuts, and an eye-let hole.—The Pole is a pretty fellow.

Nic. Mr. Adelbert!

Tot. The young gentleman wanted a bleeding.

Mrs. R. What, is Mr. Adelbert wounded?

Tot.

Tot. The point of the sword made entry by his windpipe, proved a running account in his ribs, and carried over into the heart---I think he's a safe man.

Mrs. R. Oh, mercy ! let us go and enquire about him. Oh, that he had read my husband's last sermon on duels ! [*Exeunt Mrs. Rose and Servants.*]

Tot. Ha !—Louisa will now be mistress Totum—Ha !—no rival now—The Pole's done for, Ha !—Scratch out the Pole, Ha ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

ADELBERT'S Apartment, with an inner room and closet ; and a window looking into the street---A small box standing on the table---A trunk in the corner of the room.

LOUISA opens the door, and enters timourously---then, treading softly, goes towards the window and looks out.

Loui. No, he is not coming ; I am safe for a few minutes at least--poor soul ! he is wounded, and perhaps he can't come home yet---he will want a great many things, which money can procure for him---so let me make haste and give him all I have. (*She takes the bill of exchange from her bosom*) Now where shall I put this note, that he may see it directly ? On the table---no, it won't be safe. (*tries to open the box on the table*) Stay, this is not lock'd---he cannot help seeing it here, when he opens the box. (*laying the paper in the box, and addressing herself to it*) "Don't you let any body take you out, but my Adelbert, and when you come to his hands, tell him (*takes up the note and kisses it*) there,

there, tell him that." Now, if I can get back to my own room before any one asks for me (*goes towards the door*) Oh, dear! hark! I hear somebody on the stairs "If Adelbert should be come back---No, it's impossible in this short time (*listens*) they are coming."---If I should be found here---cannot I hide myself?---this door is open (*goes into an inner room*)

LEOPOLD opens the door cautiously---Enters.

Leop. So---I might have pass'd without the master-key. It is plain the young gentleman has little to lose, or less suspicion of losing it.---Well, here is a man with whom I can hold fellowship---to whom I can at last open a burthen'd heart---a comfort so long denied to me! (*LOUISA, overhearing, clasps her hands with expressions of great affection*) Spite of that noble pride which disdains to lie under an obligation, I will enjoy the pleasure of conferring one on him---this for a beginning (*takes a rouleau from his pocket*) Where shall I put the money? This box---aye it is open (*opens the box and sees the note*) Eh! what is this! the very bill I sent by yesterday's post to my daughter! how can it have come into this man's box?---Could the servant I sent with the letter have opened it?---He is seemingly honest. Nay, I know him to be so--"Fie, fie--I am ashamed of myself when I suspect an honest man." Surely Adelbert could not (*discovers suspicion and horror*)---could not have recourse to means, I shudder even to think of!---at least 'tis ground of reasonable suspicion---Shall I take back the note?---No! what right have I to take out of a stranger's chest, a paper

per, which I sent to Francfort fifteen hours since !
 ---a perfect riddle ! I'll leave it where I found
 it---(*puts the note again in the box*) my money
 too shall stay where it was---(*puts the rouleau in
 his pocket*) and now back to my solitary chamber,
 till some fortunate conjecture shall make me once
 more hope that man is not altogether hateful !

[*Exit* LEOPOLD.]

LOUISA *comes out from the inner Room.*

Loui. Oh, mercy ! what have I done ? instead
 of helping poor Adelbert, I have brought him
 into a suspicion of the basest guilt. What can
 I do ! I must e'en go and tell my father who
 I am, come of it what may. Yes, I'll tell him
 all---dear, dear, I do tremble so!--let me get
 away before I am caught again (*goes to the door--
 starts and runs back again, frighten'd*) Oh, mercy !
 there's somebody else---this time perhaps it is Adel-
 bert himself--I feel as if I had done wrong--but
 Heaven knows my innocent intentions--I'll hide
 myself once more---(*returns into the inner room.*)

TOTUM *puts his Head in at the Door.*

Tot. Eh ! door open ! now for a peep (*enters*)
 nobody here---Pole wounded---stopt at hotel---
 post time to debit and proceed. Now, sure as my
 name is Tilman Totum, I'll balance the Pole's
 books---" if detected, transfer account to my mas-
 ter, and declare I went by orders."

Loui. (*looking out*) What can Mr. Totum want,
 I wonder !

Tot.

Tot. (*looks round the room with contempt*) Light stock in warehouse—soon taken—“small compass—credit trouble and thought.”—Quick—first look over papers—Eh! no desk! no books!—a fellow of no account!—Oh! may be he writes in his closet—look into back-shop. (*goes into the closet*)

Loui. (*coming from the inner room*) I am frightened out of my wits—he does not perceive me, and I'll seize this moment to make my escape—I cannot guess his design, but, whatever it be, I'll lock the door after me, and leave him to answer for it.

[*Exit LOUISA, and locks the door without.*]

Tot. (*returns*) Egad, he's a deep one. Where can he keep the balance sheet? must have private books somewhere—(*sees the box on the table*)—Oh, ho! here we have him—now see contents—now we'll detect the spy—(*takes out the bill of exchange and reads.*) “On demand pay to this my order, the sum of three hundred crowns.” Accepted too! As good as Bank—ah, your spies must have the wherewith (*reads again*) “Le—o—” What! “Leopold Von”—drawn by my master's brother! Zounds, this is forgery! “Aye, aye, “this is the use he makes of getting his head into “good books.” We'll go over a few more folios here. (*draws a chair to the table, sits down, and begins to rummage the box.*) If I can barely find enough to hang him, that's all, (*rummaging*) that's all the harm I wish him. Hark! did not I hear something? (*Rises suddenly, replaces every thing in the box, except the note, and shuts the box hastily, which closes with a spring-lock.*) I'll take a peep down the street, to be sure that Mr. Iron-driver is not nearer than I suspect. (*He runs to the window, looks out, and starts.*) Oh, here's a blunder;
I here's

here's a scratch---Zounds! here's Old Scratch himself. Yonder comes the Pole; I see his head. Whip off with the box---Egad, the best way---
(Takes up the box and goes towards the door)---
 "We'll have a halter for you, Mr. Forgery, and
 "then see whose is the safest head; your's with
 "a rope round it, or Tilman Totum's with
 "eighty thousand marks to credit." *(Goes to the door, tries to open it, and finds it locked.)* Eh! how's this? the door fast!—O Lord! I am check'd. A plague on him;—I hear him at the foot of the staircase---there are only thirty-four steps, two landing-places, and a turning, between me and a sword through my body. Oh, the devil! here he is on the stairs. Let's return the note---*(Sets the box down on the table, and tries to open it.)* Devil on devil! the box shuts with a spring-lock, and the lid is fast. "O lud, if this piece of forgery
 "is found upon me, I shall be brought in an accomplice, and then there'll be a halter for me." I have open'd a fine head of account here. Where shall I put the note? Here is a trunk as large as our ledger. I'll insert it here; he won't think of opening this. "At least the note will be wrote
 "off from my head." *(Opens the trunk, flings the note into it, and shuts it again.)*

Enter ADELBERT and HANS WILLIAM.

Tot. Mr. Adelbert, your most obliged and obedient.

Adel. Mr. Totum, how did you come into my room?

Tot. Brought forward per door, Sir.

Adel. I left my door lock'd.

Tot.

Tot. Closed; pardon me, it stood open, I swear; though there's no occasion to swear that, because it is true.

Adel. But we found it shut this moment.

Tot. Why, yes; while I was just looking out at the window, a sudden draft came in per chimney, and closed the account--closed the door, I mean.

Adel. And lock'd it too?

Tot. Lock'd it! Oh, perhaps it shuts with a spring, (*aside*) like some other cursed locks.

Adel. It does not turn without a key.

"Tot. No? not turn!—then it must have been an Eddy wind,—a sort of *tornado*—we suffer much by them in our trade.

"Adel. And" pray, Sir, what might occasion me the honor of this visit?

Tot. O Lord, Sir, your chamber commands such a fine view of the forest! I was just taking a peep, looking over your leaves—the leaves of your trees, I mean. Charming green fields, Sir! smooth as the desks in our counting-house. What beautiful geese, Sir, on the common yonder! good quills, I warrant; eighteen stivers per dozen. You would find them excellent for book-keeping.

(ADELBERT and HANS WILLIAM *express contempt of TOTUM.*)

H. Wil. Come, you forget that you are wounded.

Adel. A mere scratch on the wrist,

Tot. Scratches are sometimes serious things.

Adel. A little balsam will cure it; to-morrow there will scarcely remain a scar—(*goes into the inner-room.*)

Tot.

Tot. (*aside*) Now is my time for getting out without loss. (*to H. WIL.*) I am glad to find our friend so little damaged, Sir. I wish you a good afternoon, Sir.

H. Wil. Stay, Sir; I could not pardon myself, if I did not declare to every one the noble assistance I have received from that gentleman.

Tot. Another time I shall be happy to attend—I wish you a good afternoon, Sir.

H. Wil. I'll tell it you in a few words.

Tot. (*with great impatience*) As few as you please.—I have three bills to forward to Amsterdam, seven letters of advice, thirteen dinners, all for night's post; to be ready at nine, P. M.

H. Wil. As I was finishing my wine this afternoon at the hotel, I engaged in a party at Faro, which was at my side. (*points to his left hand*).

Tot. Yes, debtor's side.

H. Wil. I knew no one: a man in the dress of an officer held the bank, so, without scruple, I punted high, and lost a good round sum. On this I wanted to force the game, and put an hundred ducats on one card.

Tot. Yes, a hundred ducats; exactly that sum I shall send to agent at Leipzig to-morrow; three notes ready in iron chest, No. 21, three months date, No. 29—

H. Wil. Well, well, but, my friend yonder in his bed-room, whose name I don't know, stood leaning on a chair, and observing the game.—You don't attend to me. (*TOTUM looks frequently to the door of the bed-room.*)

Tot. Yes—I do—Sir; attention is the best point of business—I am attending, Sir—to—
(*aside*)

(*aside*) see how I can get off before I am caught by the Pole again.

H. Wil. The card turn'd against me, and I was pushing the cash to the bank; stop, Sir, cried he, take your money back; you are cheated. (*Tot. draws back, H. WILL. follows.*)

Tot. Yes—cheated!

H. Wil. Upjumps the bankholder, insults my friend,—both drew their swords, and before we could part them, both were wounded.

Tot. Double entry—good check—very extraordinary indeed. I wish you a good afternoon, Sir. (*ADELBERT returns from the inner room, and advances. TOTUM, going out, meets him.*) A plague! here is the Pole again.

Adel. (*Holding his wrist with the other hand.*) There, it is dress'd. Mr. Totum, be so good to lift the lid of that trunk, and take out a ribbon which lies at the top.

Tot. Sir! take out!—excuse me, Sir. I never take anything out of other people's trunks.

Adel. You see my hands are engaged. If you will be so obliging to tie the ribbon, which you will find there, round my wrist, by to-morrow the whole story will be forgotten,

H. Wil. I shall never forget it.

Tot. (*Opening the trunk, and taking out the ribbon which he ties hastily on ADELBERT's wrist*) Well, if I must, I—but you had better close the trunk again, Sir.

Adel. (*looks into the trunk and takes out the bill of exchange.*) What's this? a bill of exchange!

Tot. A bill of exchange!

Adel. Where did this come from?

Tot.

Tot. (aside.) As if he did not know where it came from!—Oh, no doubt, arrived per mail—post to credit—goods delivered.

Adel. How came it into my trunk?

Tot. Oh, every body knows that.—When received, wrote on to cash, and then put under lid.

Adel. I'm all amazement! (*a moment's pause.*)

Mr. Totum, this must be your deed.

Tot. Mine, Sir! You don't believe, Sir, that I—

Adel. It is hard to believe indeed; but, all circumstances considered—This gentleman shall be judge. When I went out this morning, I left nothing but a few trifles of apparel in my trunk, and at my return I find you locked in my room, and here a note of exchange. It is in vain to deny it; you must have put it into my trunk.

Tot. Well, Sir—if I must confess, I did put it into the trunk, but—

Adel. Generous man! how have I mistaken you! You saw me cast down by misfortune, and wished to lift me from the ground. But this, Sir, cannot be accepted.

Tot. Zounds! it is accepted already. You have only to offer it for payment, and then—(*aside*) we'll have you taken up for forgery, and lift you from the ground presently.

Adel. Mr. Totum, I must insist on your taking it.

"*Tot.* Take it! I would not take it at discount.

"*Adel.* Can you refuse to take back three hundred crowns?

"*Tot.* Certainly one would be very glad to take three hundred crowns; but—but—

"*Adel.* It is your property." You owned you put it into my trunk,

Tot.

Tot. Yes---but I swear I found it in your box.

Adel. That is impossible. I have not so much wealth in the world. If it do not come from you---

Tot. From me! I protest before this gentleman, I have nothing to do with it.

Adel. Then I must entreat you, at least, to carry it back to the person from whom it came.

Tot. (*aside*) That person is the devil.—I beg to be excused, Sir. I don't keep cash there. I don't know the parties.

Adel. Sir, I insist on it.

Tot. I cannot indeed, Sir.

Adel. You offend me.

Tot. I am sorry for it, Sir; but---

Adel. I beg---

Tot. I can by no means---I---I--- (*sees the door open*) I wish you a good afternoon, Sir. I see the door's open, and so---egad, here's a bolt for it.

(*runs out.*)

H. Wil. Do you really think such a fellow as that capable of an act of generosity?

Adel. No---but the generous Leopold---

H. Wil. Be who he may, has chosen a vile deputy. But let that pass---one thing is clear---from what I have now witness'd---you are possessed of every thing that a brave man should have, except money. My purse is at your command---you have open'd my heart already, and I should think myself a mean wretch indeed, if, when the strings of my heart are touch'd, those of my purse did not instantly follow.

Adel. The debt that lies on your heart, pay in the heart's coin, when you please. At present I am in no want of money.

H. Wil. I heartily wish you were for my own sake. Do you know you have brought me into a house where I am no stranger?

Adel.

Adel. As a merchant, the house of Von Snarl cannot be unknown to you.

H. Wil. That's not all: I have a close speculation here on the person of one Louisa Rose.

Adel. (*starts*) Louisa Rose!

H. Wil. Do you know her?

Adel. (*embarrassed, but recollecting himself*) Yes.

H. Wil. You do! then there is really such a person?

Adel. There is only one Louisa Rose in the world.

H. Wil. I comprehend--Hans William, you are come here a day too late. Is she rich?

Adel. Unfortunately she is.

H. Wil. Unfortunately! for whom?

Adel. What have I said! "pardon me, my friend." You have an honest open countenance, and it led me half way to a confession, which--

H. Wil. You may very safely entrust to me--
Go on.

Adel. A confidence so rashly ventured---

H. Wil. Is, I own, as rare as the generous action, by which you have made me your friend for life.

Adel. I cannot resist you---yes, I love Louisa---the agitation in which you see me, will tell you how much I love her. While I believed her the orphan of a poor and humble clergyman, I flattered myself I might have obtained her---but, alas!--

H. Wil. What! did not Von Snarl acknowledge her for his daughter?

Adel. Louisa his daughter!

H. Wil. He told me so himself just now---

Adel. She said her father was rich! (*with emotion*)

H. Wil. I am to marry her.

Adel. (*starts*) You are to marry her!

H. Wil. I came hither for no other purpose.

Adel.

Adel. And will you marry her?

H. Wil. (*holds out his hand to ADELBERT*) What I and break the heart of a man who has risked his life for me! give me your hand. (*they shake hands*) If you cannot make an answer for me to that question, I'll make none for myself

Adel. But I heard of a match that was in treaty for Josephine.

H. Wil. Josephine! well, that's she, is it not?

Adel. I don't understand you.

H. Wil. Von Snarl has but one daughter, has he?

Adel. Did not you say Louisa too was his daughter?

H. Wil. Eh!---I begin to suspect some mistake---let us examine, if you please.

Adel. You came to this house to marry Louisa--

H. Wil. No: I came to marry Josephine, Von Snarl's daughter.

Adel. And who wants to force Louisa on you?

H. Wil. Why, are not Josephine and Louisa the same person?

Adel. By no means.

H. Wil. Then one of them has made a fool of me. Which of the two is the merrier?

Adel. Josephine.

H. Wil. Hurra! that's my girl then!--shake hands again--the first was a sentimental shake, and this is a merry one. We shall not be rivals.

Adel. Again I do not comprehend you.

H. Wil. Why, the truth is, I am very properly served--I came into this house under a false name, and the girls have outwitted me--Josephine suspected my design, and pass'd herself on me for Louisa Rose. I'll be reveng'd; tho' egad, I like her better than ever.

K

Adel.

Adel. Then you know nothing of Louisa?

H. Wil. I never imagined, till this moment, that there was such a person in existence. I'll go down and look for that merry girl again, and if I find her---(*going*) One word before I go, my dear, new friend---You perceive I am likely to have some interest in this house, and if it can avail you with Louisa, you shall find that the mark a rascal has left on your wrist, will be much sooner worn away than the impression you have made on an honest man's heart. Come along.

[*Exeunt* HANS WILLIAM and ADELBERT,

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Hall in VON SNARL'S House.

Enter Mrs. ROSE, with keys in her hand, crossing the stage, JOSEPHINE following.

Jos. MRS. ROSE!

Mrs. R. Aye, to be sure! Mrs. Rose must be every where at once! Well, child, what do you want with Mrs. Rose?

Jos. I thought I saw Mr. Adelbert return.

Mrs. R. Yes, yes, he is come home sure enough.

Jos. And a young gentleman with him---

Mrs. R. A young gentleman!--I was on the stair-case, with a sugar-loaf under my arm--so I stop'd and made a curtsy. Mr. Adelbert bow'd very politely, I must say that for him--but the other young gentleman brush'd by me, as if he would have knock'd me down.

Jos. He was attentive only to his friend, who was wounded.

Mrs. R. Manners are good at all times, say I.

Enter LOUISA.

Well, Louisa---

Jos. Have you heard what occasioned the duel?

Loui. Oh! it was such a generous action of Mr. Adelbert, to---

Mrs. R.

Mrs. R. A generous action! to thrust a sword thro' a man's body! You have forgot, I fancy, what excellent things my husband said in his sermon against duels---Poor dear Dr. Olearius!

Loui. Dear mother, if you would now but step up to poor Mr. Adelbert---perhaps he wants help---you have several fine receipts for wounds, you know.

Mrs. R. Child, I have a great many excellent wound-balsams---but I step up into the young man's room! you know before one is come to a certain age---

Loui. A certain age!---and what does that signify? I think at any time of life we should give our help to a fellow-creature, when it is wanted.

Mrs. R. You are right, my dear:---When we can be useful, we must sometimes disregard slanderous tongues---so I'll carry Mr. Adelbert the black ointment, which stands on the chimney in my room---but don't let any body know it.

Jos. Oh, there's only that young man there, he won't tell.

Mrs. R. Oh, mercy! if it should be known that I visited a young man in his bed-room!--however, I'll carry him the black ointment.

[Exit Mrs. ROSE.]

Loui. Now, my dear Josephine, let me tell you what has past---but I am so confused, I can hardly speak.

Jos. For joy, or grief?

Loui. Oh! for both. In the first place---my father---

Jos. Whose whims begin to tire me---

Loui. I summoned up all my courage, and spoke to him---and am so happy---

Jos.

Jos. Well—what has pass'd?

Loui. He promis'd to tell me all his sorrows.

Jos. Then, I don't wonder at your being so happy. Upon my word you are much obliged to him—

Loui. And he desired me to meet him in his room—

Jos. And are you prepared in what you will say to him?

Loui. No, not I—but my heart will be full—and then I warrant I shan't want words to tell it's meaning.

H. Wil. (*without*) Josephine! Josephine!

Jos. Who calls me?

[*LOUISA goes to the side of the stage, HANS WILLIAM enters and seizes her hand.*]

H. Wil. Oh! are you found by your true name? eh! who is this? I beg a thousand pardons, ma'am—

Jos. Ha, ha! fairly caught! Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this young lady—This is Miss Josephine—My dear Josephine, this is Mr. Timothy Trifle—

Loui. Sir, my name is Louisa Rose—

H. Wil. Another Louisa Rose?—And yet I heard a person in this house say just now, that there is but one Louisa Rose in the world—(*JOSEPHINE smiles, LOUISA blushes.*) Well, my dear Louisa Roses, inform me where I may find the real, genuine, *single* Josephine.

Jos. What is your pleasure, Sir, with her?

H. Wil. Exactly this—If you are both Louisa Rose, I have no business with either of you—but if you are both Josephine, I am resolved I'll marry you both.

Jos.

Loni. Is not this the gentleman you expected to-day?

Jos. What, my lover, Hans William? Oh, no, he wears a full bottom'd wig, has a shrill voice, and is bandy-leg'd.

H. Wil. He is very like me, for all that.

Jos. No. I have been expecting him this whole morning, and in the mean time comes this faucy---

H. Wil. Take care what you are going to call me--(*LOUISA is going*)

Jos. Stay, Louisa, don't go--not that I am afraid of being left alone with Mr. Trifle, but that--

Loni. I must go, now, to the person I told you of--when I come back, I'll meet you in your room. [*Exit LOUISA.*]

Jos. And now, Sir, I desire to know whether you are Hans William, or Trifle?

H. Wil. Which do you wish?

Jos. Neither--Can you speak the truth?

H. Wil. Certainly.

Jos. Do it, then, this moment.

H. Wil. I am in love with you.

Jos. Poh! who asked you that?

H. Wil. Have you settled, what day will be convenient for our wedding?

Jos. What, then, you are determin'd to marry me?

H. Wil. Positively.

Jos. And have you spoken to my father?

H. Wil. Yes.

Jos. And what said he?

H. Wil. He requested me never to put my foot over his threshold again.

Jos.

Jos. Indeed! and what induces you to refuse him such a trifling request?

H. Wil. I do not---I mean to take him at his word, only I design to take you with me.

Jos. Are you quite sure of that?

H. Wil. Quite---

Jos. Without letting me know who you are! When a man intends to rob an honest girl of her name, he should at least provide her with another.

H. Wil. Nay, I gave you your choice of two.

Jos. Well, then, your name is not Trifle.

H. Wil. No more than your's is Louisa Rose.

Jos. Why did you wish to impose on me?

H. Wil. I'll tell you. Your father and mine have treated our love a little too much in a mercantile manner.

Jos. Our love!

H. Wil. I did not wish to contradict my father, and as my heart was free, I neither promised or refused, but I was determined first to take a look at you. "If I had not liked you, "I should have been off again in a moment---" but--here I am still--and, to own the truth at once---I do like you.

"*Jos.* You're very flattering.

"*H. Wil.* And therefore, meaning to be a "dutiful son---(*advances towards Jos.*)

Jos. "Hold! hold! not in such haste"--perhaps I may have a mind first to look at you too.

H. Wil. With all my heart---(*turns round.*)

Jos. The outside is well enough--but who will answer for the inside?

H. Wil.

H. Wil. That you'll find out after the wedding.

Jos. A clear bargain, *my* father says, prevents quarrels—suppose we agree to tell our own faults to one another, and then try if we can be friends.

H. Wil. With all my heart.

Jos. Well, do you begin.

H. Wil. First, I am hotheaded and passionate.

Jos. That may be cured by good temper on my part.

H. Will. I'm careless—

Jos. That will be cured, when you have a wife to look after.

H. Wil. I am vain.

Jos. That you must only be of me.

H. Wil. I shall be vainer than ever, if I win you for my wife.

Jos. Well, that I'll forgive—proceed.

H. Wil. That is all.

Jos. Oh, then you may be endured.

H. Wil. I hope so—and now it's your turn to tell your faults.

Jos. I have none.

H. Wil. None at all!

Jos. Girls have no faults before marriage.

H. Wil. And after marriage?

Jos. Have none but in the eyes of their husbands.

H. Wil. So, we have settled our accounts already.

Jos. Hold, hold! there are a few other things to be discuss'd. Have you no bad habits?

H. Wil. None that I know of.

Jos. How do you pass the day, when you are at home?

H. Wil.

H. Wil. I have a foolish custom of my country--
I like a pipe for an hour or two.

Jos. I cannot endure it--you must give up
the pipe.

H. Wil. I shall find that difficult, perhaps.

Jos. As you please---I can play with my lap-
dog, while you are smoking.

H. Wil. Your lap-dog!

Jos. I can leave him, when you leave your
pipe.

H. Wil. I give up the pipe---

Jos. I give up the lap-dog. Well, proceed
with the day.

H. Wil. I love to dine at two.

Jos. I hate to dine 'till four.

H. Wil. For your sake I can dine an hour
later.

Jos. To oblige you, I would dine an hour
earlier.

H. Wil. Then at three---

Jos. Agreed.

H. Wil. After dinner I take a nap.

Jos. And I take an airing.

H. Wil. Without me!

Jos. I cannot take your bed in my carriage.

H. Wil. But suppose I don't sleep---

Jos. Then I don't go out.

H. Wil. In the evening I go to the club.

Jos. And I invite company.

H. Wil. Whom I don't know!

Jos. I cannot ask your club into my apart-
ment.

H. Wil. Then I shall stay at home---

Jos. And I shall have no company but those
whom you invite.

L

H. Wil.

H. Wil. Well---so far we proceed cordially---but I have one bad habit, I own, not so easy to be got rid of---you will overlook it, I dare say---I cannot help falling in love with every pretty woman I see.

Jos. Oh, that's of no importance at all.

H. Wil. Indeed!--well, that's very good-natured. (*Nettled.*)

Jos. I cannot be otherwise than good-natured on that head, because I have exactly the same fault.

H. Wil. Eh!

Jos. I cannot help liking every handsome man that comes in my way.

H. Wil. What!

Jos. I like to hear men pay me compliments.

H. Wil. Do you?

Jos. Make protestations to me--

H. Wil. Do you?

Jos. Swear solemn vows to me--

H. Wil. Do you?

Jos. To be sure---what is the matter with you? You dislike it, *do you?*

H. Wil. Suppose we both leave off this last trick?

Jos. How is that to be managed?

H. Wil. Suppose I have no eyes but for you?

Jos. To that I consent.

H. Wil. Suppose you have none but for me?

Jos. That will be the consequence of the other.

H. Wil. Say you so? then give me your hand in earnest.

Jos. Yes---but you must first obtain my father's leave to step over the threshold.

H. Wil.

H. Wil. (*snatches her hand and kisses it*). Come along, my charming girl, I'll obtain your father's leave to do every thing that you bid me, as long as we live. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

[*LEOPOLD'S Apartment, hung round with black; at the back of the stage the door of a Cabinet, or small inner room, closed, and silk curtains drawn before it. Furniture suited to the melancholy of the apartment.*]

Enter LEOPOLD, musing.

An hour has nearly passed, and Louisa will presently be here. For the first time, since fifteen years have elapsed, the foot of a stranger will tread this sanctuary of my sorrows—for the first time my heart will open itself to sympathy, and the tears of another being will be mixed with mine. I feel myself unaccountably attracted towards that good girl. Hark! she is come.

LOUISA opens the door, and enters timorously.

Leop. You are true to your appointment, Louisa.

Loui. I have counted the minutes ever since I left you. What a dark and dismal room this is!

Leop. It wears the colour of mourning—"In the first hours of grief the eye feeds with pleasure on these congenial hues—but a real and lasting grief outlives the very sense of these vain distinctions"—

"distinctions."--In my sight these walls are now a mere blank.--So also to me is life,---mournful and void.

Loui. You said your life was not always so sad.

Leop. I enjoyed it's morning—but it's noon was stormy;—and, now, it's closing eve, shade deepening over shade, wraps me, bewildered and perplexed, in cheerless darkness.

Loui. But indeed, indeed, I am sure your evening may be brighter, if you choose.

Leop. If I choose!—Can I command the clouds that lower round my setting sun?

Loui. Yes, I do think you may. Now, pray, listen to me:---“ You have been very good to me---you have given me your confidence---“ you have made me feel as if I belonged to you;---and now you have done all this---” don't be angry with me, if I speak what I think.

Leop. Be angry with you, my good girl!

Loui. Yes,---don't be angry with me, if I tell you, that I think you have been unkind to yourself.

Leop. How so, Louisa?

Loui. By casting *one* from you, whose love and duty teach her, that her chief happiness would be to give you comfort.

Leop. I understand you, Louisa. But tell me,—tell me, girl, wherefore you are so warmly interested in my daughter's fate.---You spoke to me of her before.

Loui. She---she is my friend.

Leop. Why did you not inform me of this sooner?

Loui. Because I know how earnestly your poor child sighs for her father's love;---because I could

could find no reason why you should be so severe towards her;---and because I wanted to observe you first, and learn on what account it was you hated her.

Leop. Hated her! tell me something of my daughter.

"*Loui.* I can tell you nothing, but of her unhappiness---of her tears.

"*Leop.* (*affected*) Does she feel such love for me?

"*Loui.* Does she *love* you!"---Oh! Since she has been old enough to learn what happiness means, the wish to be known to you has been the dearest of her heart. Her tears have often fallen upon my bosom. She has, many and many a time, felt bitter anguish, while she sat alone, fighting out---" My father does not love me!"

Leop. She shall return to me---

Loui. Shall she?---shall she indeed!

Leop. Yes! Let her come! And, when clasping her in my arms, joy shall overpower my senses, and tears shall be my only utterance, then---then she will be assured that I love her.

Loui. (*trembling, and grasping LEOPOLD's hand*) I---I hope I may believe you.

"*Leop.* You have a right to doubt; but do not condemn me, girl, if I have appeared cold and unconcerned for one, whose welfare is so dear to me;---such as, for these few months past, *you* have seen me---such have I been for seventeen years; during that period, I have sometimes lived for men, but no one has lived for me.---You, my good girl,
" are

" are the first who, have rekindled in my heart
 " the desire to see my daughter.

" *Loui.* Then blessed be the moment in which
 " I entered this house!

" *Leop.* I bless it."—Hear me, Louisa, censure me, but pity and excuse me. I was once rich, for I possessed, in a virtuous wife, the only true riches of this world, Content and Cheerfulness. When the Creator finished his glorious work of nature, he added its last bright ornament, Woman!—I loved one alone among all beings.—" I had chosen her from a world, and from a world I would still choose her."—The years of our first love fled swiftly into that eternity where she now resides.—The birth of a daughter was the dearest and last moment of my happiness.—Scarcely had she beheld the light, when her mother died—(*LOUISA appears affected*) her infant cries were the dirge of all my joys on earth.

Loui. Poor innocent!

Leop. While yet Emilia's grave was fresh, I clasp'd her infant to my bosom, and, flying from the world, resolved to live for my child alone.—She was the only treasure left to me on earth.

Loui. And why did you forsake that child?

Leop. Mark me.—As I convey'd my little one to the fostering refuge I had provided for her, methought her mother's spirit beamed in her features.—Oh! what did that look effect!—" The keen remembrance of my loss pierced
 " anew into my soul."—I dreaded to turn my eyes again towards my child—her existence had destroyed what was dearer to me than my own.—

I en-

I entrusted her with those, of whose kind hearts I was well assured ---Business called me away--- concerns of my wife's fortune---(after a pause, he shudders) I have never returned to my child.

Loui. Had she deserved this?

Leop. Day after day, year after year, have I ardently sighed to meet my child again. But she is well, and happy,—and what could my presence bestow? The sight of my affliction---of my misery.---I “ strove to rouse me “ from despair---I turned from the grave, which “ had devoured my hopes, and sought for consolation among men---I told them my sorrows, “ and met derision---until at last I shut my bosom against the world, and” fled, where only I could escape torment—to solitude.

Loui. Ah! I'm afraid you found little comfort there.

Leop. Such as you see me now possess. Yet here has fancy furnished me with ample food for sadness;---here have I framed a sacred record of my beloved Emilia;---here I gathered every remember'd object, that had been dear to her;---yes---here her spirit dwells; here often in my thoughts has communed with me.---Else, how could I have endured so much?

[During these last lines, LEOPOLD takes LOUISA's hand with great emotion, and leads her towards the door of the cabinet;---stops suddenly.]

Wilt thou not tremble, girl? Yet, 'tis imagination fills the scene---all is but shew---the mockery of my heart's pangs.

[Opens.

[Opens the folding doors of the cabinet, and discovers, within, an emblematic transparency, in which is the name of EMILIA, written in large characters.]

Loui. (nearly fainting, falls on the ground) My mother!

Leop. Wat do you mean?—Who art thou, Louisa?

Loui. Your daughter. (LEOPOLD, trembling, raises her) Forgive me, my dear father, but—

Leop. Art thou indeed my daughter?

Loui. Oh! Does not your heart tell you so?

(Throws herself into his arms.)

Leop. Oh, yes---thou art---thou art my child.

Loui. My letters could not move you.---I wish'd still to try if I could win your love.---Josephine assisted me—I pass'd here for the daughter of—

Leop. I comprehend it all.---How could I so long deny myself this comfort! (embraces her) Support me, my child,---lead me nearer,---that, in the presence of thy mother's spirit, I may blefs thee—

[A noise heard without. LEOPOLD starts, and shuts the cabinet. ADELBERT enters hastily.]

Adel. Pardon, generous man,---pardon this intrusion. I must have leave to speak,---you have given me so singular a proof of your benevolence.

Leop. You surprise me!—I, Sir?

Adel. Was is not by your order that this note was conveyed into my room?

Leop. No, not by mine,—(looks at LOUISA, who casts down her eyes) but I guess by whom it was bestow'd. That glowing cheek, that down-cast look,

look disclose the truth—the person, to whom you are indebted, stands before you—

Adel. Louisa!—

Leop. Give me the note—Come, my children, let us hasten to meet my brother—he has long borne with my discontent—he shall be the first witness of my returning joy. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Hall.

Enter TOTUM, in a great bustle, and NICOLAS.

Tot. Well, Nicolas—are the constables posted?

Nic. They are ready, down at the door—

Tot. Down at the door—right. Let no one take his head out of the house; if I call, be ready, at a moment's notice—away—no blunders—good Nicolas.

[Exeunt TOTUM and NICOLAS on opposite sides.

Enter VON SNARL, JOSEPHINE, and HANS WILLIAM.

V. Sn. Fine doings, indeed! Did not I tell you never to come into my house again?

H. Wil. And did not I tell you that I would come into it again? This is the letter from my father—

V. Sn. Psha! I suppose it's all about the red nose and the peaches.

H. Wil. Read it.

M

V. Sn.

V. Sn. What should I read it for? I have told you already to get out of my house.

H. Wil. I'll go, as soon as you have read the letter.

V. Sn. Well, you shall not spoil the sweetness of my temper. I have read many useless letters in my life before this: (*opens the letter and reads*) "The bearer of this, my lawful son and heir, Hans William, (*surprised*) whom I send in good condition"—

H. Wil. Yes, I'm in pretty good case—

V. Sn. "By this day's mail"—hem—"Vander Housen & Co."—the devil! you have taken me in, (*forces a laugh*) ha—ha—I thought you had too honest a face for a cheat. Did not I tell you, Josephine, he was of prime quality—but *Hans* must not come near you—(*to H. W.*) give me your hand—you are a rogue and a wit; but if you had not been a rich rogue, like myself—

Jos. (to H. WIL.) You would be a rogue and a thief—

H. Wil. And must never more have put my foot over the threshold—

V. Sn. Well, well, why d'ye put me in mind of that? If I had not the sweetest temper—

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leop. Brother, give me joy—Louisa Rose shall be married to-day, as you said.

V. Sn. Oh, she consents at last to take eighty thousand marks, does she?

Leop. She will give her hand, as it should always be given, where the heart guides it.

V. Sn.

V. Sn. And why did she plague me this morning with all that nonsense?—Only to put me in a passion!

Enter TOTUM and Mrs. ROSE.

Tot. Now, Sir, the constables are at the door—he cannot have negociated the bill already—Oh, yonder he comes—now, Sir—

Leop. (*looks towards the side scene*) Adelbert! a bill! what is all this?

V. Sn. Why, what should it be? Totum has a charge against my lodger for a note, purporting to be drawn by you, for three hundred crowns.

H. Wil. Against my friend!

V. Sn. Your friend! Do you know any thing more of him?

H. Wil. Yes, I know him for one who thinks every stranger entitled to his regard, and who will rather risk his life, than suffer an honest man to become the dupe of a knave. Perhaps I may find (*looks at TOTUM with scorn*) an opportunity of doing as much for him.

Leop. Here is the note, written by myself—you found it in the hands of a man of integrity, and, as a proof of my esteem for him, I mean to make him heir to my whole fortune.

V. Sn. You do!—and pray what becomes of your daughter?

Enter ADELBERT and LOUISA.

Leop. Behold her. (*VON SNARL and TOTUM express surprise*) In the fond and artless affections of her mind, while I recognized the image of her whom I adored, I read likewise, in forcible characters, my own duty—yes—this is my daughter, and, if I guess the heart aright—this is my son.

Adel. An outcast!

Leop. You have found an asylum here. Accept her, Adelbert: with my whole heart I give her to you.

Mrs. R. Oh, what a fine sermon my poor dear Dr. Olearius wou'd have made on this occasion!

V. Sn. So! I shall give Louisa a wedding-dinner, as I said---I'm right this time, in spite of you all.

Tot. And if this be the case, I may as well make the constables void.—Hymen has protested my draught; “and, for fear the Pole should “make a scratch in my ledger, I won't leave “him a *single fide* for a memorandum sheet”.—Hang Hymen!—Plague light on the Pole!

[*Exit TOTUM.*]

Leop. The indulgence of a gloomy temper has stolen from my life its sweetest hours, and drawn sighs from the bosom of innocence—my child, forgive me!—Amid tears of anguish and despair you were baptized.—Amid those of repentance and joy, receive a father's blessing!—“Convinced “of my error, I will now return with cheerfulness to the world, and bear, without repining, “the lot which heaven has assigned me.—The “present emotions of my heart instruct me, that “there is no cordial for a parent's sorrows beyond the virtuous affection of A DAUGHTER.”

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. FAWCETT AND MRS. GIBBS.

Enter TOTUM, with a Pencil and Pocket-Book, at cyphering, LOUISA following him.

Loui. What! counting still?—Let *our* account be stated.

Tot. Debit or credit?—

Loui. Both must *hence* be rated—

Tot. You know I closed my books—my chance was over.

You scratch'd my heart, and then *scratch'd out* the lover.

Yet was that just?—when I the first of clerks,

Totum, sole heir to eighty thousand marks—

Aye—eighty thousand marks, as I could prove—

Loui. I'd value more one single mark of love.

Tot. Oh! mighty pretty! Mark you whom you scorn?
Numbers had thought you fortunately born—

Loui. Numbers!

Tot. Beware, how *numbers* you despise:—

A lucky number constitutes a prize:

And safe, at least, thro' life th' account will run,

If you still do, as numbers long have done.

Nay, more—of various numbers note the use;

To take your troubles off, you call **THE DEUCE!**

In boyish pastimes of our early lives,

We sport and gambol in a game of **FIVES;**

And riper wits, when they aspire to shine,

Whom do they first address for aid? **THE NINE.**

A magic spell's in numbers.

Loui.

Loui. May be so—

But say, has love to do with numbers? No—
Who truly courts his smile, will numbers shun,
And look for happiness in—

Tot. (*interrupting LOUISA*) Number one.

"Then since by *characters* each number's known,

"Whose character to-night was first? my own.

Loui. "No, mine:—I thow'd, a female's virtuous heart

"Is the best cordial for misfortune's smart:

"When gloomy discontent and sorrow strove

"To rob me of a parent's guardian love,

"When wintry coldness sat upon his brow,

"And scarce his heart could Nature's claim allow,

"I tried to speak a gentle word or two,

"Tried what affection, duty, love, could do.

"Till all the chilling frost dissolv'd away,

"And Hope return'd to cheer his close of day."

Tot. Yet there *are* numbers that are sure to please;
The more the merrier—

Loui. Aye! which are they?

Tot. These. (*points to the audience*)

Each side well balanc'd with a good round sum,
You'll welcome all, as many as will come.

Loui. Yes, these, I own, afford me satisfaction;
From these no harm can come—

Tot. Save by subtraction.

[*Advances with three low bows, and addresses the audience.*]

Account stands open:—Season---small and short;—
Goods---trust you find them neat as we import:
'Bating performer's-nights, or newer fun,
We hope th' account will prove a running one.

Loui.

Loui. (advances from the side scene)

Our Author trembles—

Tot. What! while here we sue

To such fair faces as, to count them true—

Loui. Seem all bright stars, that gentle influence teach,

Tot. Brilliants—I write---ten thousand dollars each.

Here while I'm first---to plead---be you *(to Louisa)* my
second---

You *(to the Audience)* grant us plaudits, more than can
be reckon'd;

The trembling bard deliver from affright,

And prove my ready reck'ning still is---right.

[73]

[Faint handwritten text at the bottom of the page]

— 25 —

T. & V. Hall! While here we are

To help fix this, we need to...

1. 2000-01-01 to 2000-01-01

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

27.

You (to the audience) want us to sing "How Great Our God."

de rocher 14

The following table shows the results of the experiment.

And please my ready back, my ready hand

